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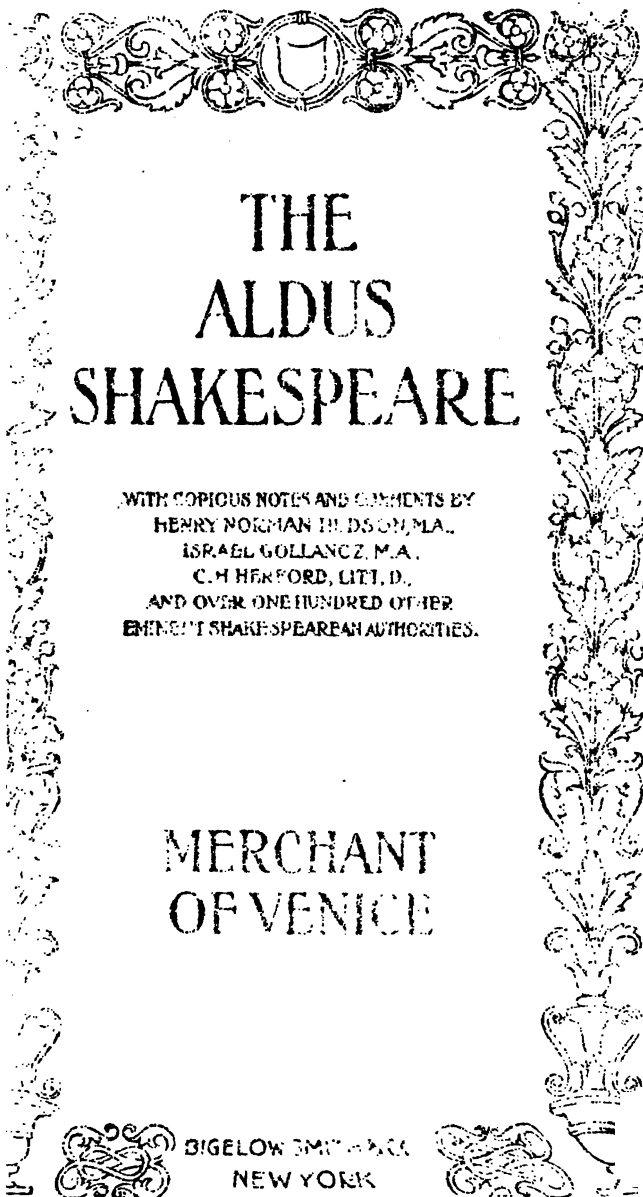
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The Rialto, Venice




THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
C. H. HERFORD, LLT. D.,
AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

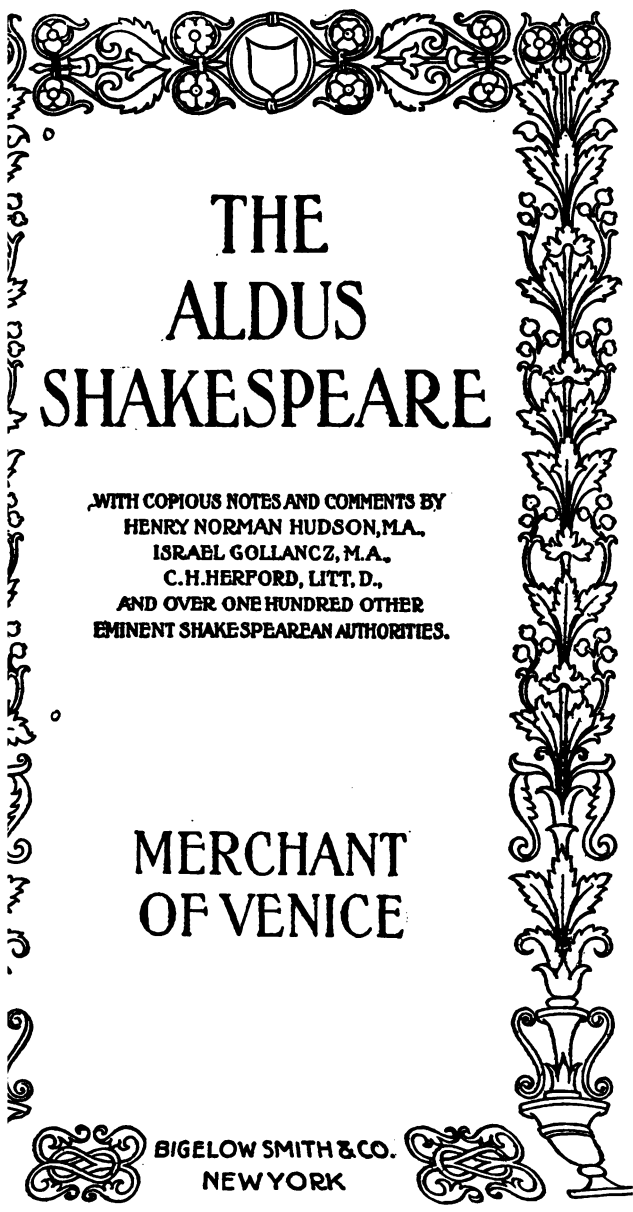
MERCHANT OF VENICE



SIGELOW SMITH & CO.
NEW YORK







THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

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MERCHANT OF VENICE

BIGELOW SMITH & CO.
NEW YORK

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:—
(i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,*

This Quarto had been registered on July 22, 1598, under the proviso "that yt bee not printed by the said James Roberts or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first obtained from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as "the first Quarto." (ii.) *most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jew towards the Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests.*

hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlains his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on October 28 of the year "under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes." It seems therefore likely that "I. R." are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, and they were evidently printed from different transcripts of

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the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the more accurate text; in a few instances it is in Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in only addition being a list of "The Actors' Names" instance it improved on the previous editions ("in reine thy joy," III, ii, 112, instead of "rain").

Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the purpose of this Quarto was connected with the proposed expulsion of the Jews into England, which was bitterly opposed by a large portion of the nation; "the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to such a general disposition."

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of "the Scottish lord" to "other lord," evidently in deference to the reigning monarch.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the "other lord" version, *The Jew of Venice*, by George (Viscount) Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play and held the stage from the date of its appearance. Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Swan Theatre in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's version, and restored again to the stage

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK

In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbage, "who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of 1618," there is a valuable reference to Burbage's personation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;

What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Irving, and Booth, *cp. Furness' Variorum Edition, 1-385.*)¹

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Merchant of Venice is mentioned by Francis Meres *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; in the same year Roberts entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. In Henslowe's under the date August 25, 1594, mention is made of *the Venesyon Comodey*" (i.e. "*The Venetian Comedy*" as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice*, though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial reproduction of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily adapted to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on August 23, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King to poison the Queen (*cp. The Original of Shylock*, by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880; the article on *Lopez* in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; *Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez*, *The Historical Review*, July, 1891). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender Don Antonio.² A noteworthy imitation

of the most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by George Bohn, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness. Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicesters, Thomas Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players" must afford many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor attended the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the artificial red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally held on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered all over England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal conversion was brought about by Cromwell.

able that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and ducats, may have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*; the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ("Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh my bliss"); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's "counter-argument ad Christianos," as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentment have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Huguenots had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

DURATION OF ACTION

Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play; we know that the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III, i; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III, ii, cannot have been long; Portia bids him "pause a day or two . . . I would detain you here some month or two so many events have, however, happened during the six

that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed and the three months are compressed into seven or eight. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespeare*) computes the time thus, though one cannot help but feel in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last three months:—

Act I. Interval—say a week.

Act II, i–vii. Interval one day.

Act II, viii–ix. Interval—bringing the time to the fortnight of the maturity of the bond.

Act III, i. Interval—rather more than a fortnight.

Act III, ii–iv.

Act III, v—Act IV.

and 8. Act V.

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acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespeare's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot wonder at him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont lasting as three months:—

- 1. Act I. Interval—say a week.
- 2. Act II, i–vii. Interval one day.
- 3. Act II, viii–ix. Interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.
- 4. Act III, i. Interval—rather more than a fortnight.
- 5. Act III, ii–iv.
- 6. Act III, v—Act IV.
- 7 and 8. Act V.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

down to us which answers so well to the title there a thing of little weight, considering how many of that period are known to have been lost. And the habits throughout such variety and maturity of make strongly for the later date: the style is even so equal and sustained; every thing is so perfectly placed and fitted to its place; the word and the character at all times so exactly suited to each other, and the paramount laws of dramatic proportion; and is so free from any jarring, or falling-out, or from the due course and order of art, as almost the belief that the whole was written in the same intellectual growth and furnishing. And the play in a remarkable degree the easy, unlaboring firm conscious mastery; the persons being so entirely under control and subdued to his hand, that he seems to talk and act just as they have a mind to.

Perhaps there is no one of his plays in which has drawn more largely from preceding writers: in plot or story there is almost none; his mind apparently so drawn off in creative exercise as to an utter carelessness of what is usually termed originality. If any one infer from this that the play is not original, we can only advise him to think and not to speak until he thinks differently. Some of the materials here used were so much the common stock of popular literature before his time, and had been run through many variations, that it is not easy to say what he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the discovery of the caskets are found separately in the *Compendium*, a very ancient and curious collection. To set this matter clear, it must be noted that there are two collections bearing this title, the one in Latin and the other in English; and that the incidents in question are found in both, though with considerable variations. Of the *Gesta* no printed copy of so early a date as the first has been discovered; but Mr. Tyrwhitt gives some from a manuscript in the British Museum, which

have been the remote originals of the play. The immediate originals were probably in the English *Gesta*. The story containing the choice of caskets a version was brought forth by Robert Robinson as early as 1577, and has lately reprinted in the *Shakespeare Library*. The story is clearly traced in this quarter, as will appear from the following abstract of so much as relates to the matter in hand, and especially from the inscriptions, which we give as they stand in the old copy.

A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselme, Duke of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Amphytrion. On her way to the prince's country the young lady was wrecked, none of the crew but herself escaping. In this condition an earl, named Parris, found her as he was walking by the sea-shore, and took her under his protection, having heard her story, made it known to the Duke. To ascertain whether she were worthy of his son, he set before her three vessels; the first of gold, filled with dead men's bones, and bearing the inscription,—“Who chooseth me shall find that he deserveth;” the second of silver, filled with earth, and inscribed,—“Whoso loveth me shall find that his nature desireth;” the third of lead, full of precious stones, and having the motto,—“Who chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to”

He then told her to choose one of the vessels, and if she made the choice of that wherein was profit to herself and others, she should have his son; if not, she should lose him. After praying to God for assistance, she made her choice of the leaden casket. He then told her she had chosen wisely, and immediately gave order for the marriage.

There is also a choice of caskets in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, though not much like that in the play; nor does any one pretend that Shakespeare made any use of it.

In the story of the bond as told in the *Gesta*, the parties are simply a knight and a merchant, and therefore act without *no such prejudices* as move Antonio and Shylock. The knight undertakes a love suit to the daughter

Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome, and certain strange terms are agreed upon between them as the condition of her favor. As fast as he fulfills these terms, he is yet more strangely thwarted of his purpose, until, being thereby at length reduced to poverty, he applies to the merchant for a loan of money, to carry him through one more trial. The merchant agrees to furnish him "on condition that if thou keep not thy day of payment, it shall be lawful to me for to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword." Accepting these terms, and binding himself accordingly, the knight, thus furnished, wins the lady and, in the sweetness of wedlock, forgets the bond till the day of payment is past. When his wife learns how the case stands, she directs him to pay the merchant whatever sum he may ask. Upon this business he departs; but the merchant, refusing the money, insists upon the covenant and judgment is rendered in his favor. The rest of the story must be given in good old English, as printed by Mr. Douce from a manuscript written in the time of Henry VI.

"Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sent knights for to espy and enquire how the law was pursued against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all they trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge enquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is a law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he shall be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to see that this knight, that standeth here ready to the de-

plain? it were better to thee to have money than to have
slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant
without doubt I will have the law, since he bound him
so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace
in law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I de
ed him not thereto against his will. Then said she,
ay thee how much shall I give to have my petition?
I will give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleas
to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have
Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would
my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and thou shalt
ow me afore you, sir judge, and afore you all, with a righ
dom of that that I shall say to you. Ye have heard
how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of
the knight, and he forsaketh all, and asketh the law, and
that liketh me much; and therefore, lordings that be here
ar me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight
ound him never by letter but that the merchant should
ve power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there wa
e covenant made of shedding of blood; thereof was noth
g spoke; and therefore let him set hand on him anon
ed, if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh
orsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him
ad when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my
oney, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she
ou shalt not have one penny; for afore all this company
proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it
ad saidst with a loud voice, I shall have my covenant; and
erefore do thy best with him; but look that thou shed
o blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no cove
ant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, wen
way confounded. And so was the knight's life saved, and
o penny paid."

As this work is not known to have been in print till pu
orth by Mr. Douce, it appears not but that the Poet may
ave read it in manuscript. This, to be sure, is no proof
that he did so, for many things in print then have been los
together: but perhaps it should make men cautious ho

they limit his reading to such printed books of that tin have come down to us.

The same incident is again met with in *Il Pecorone* Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which was written as early as 1378, but not printed till 1550. The earliest known translation of this tale was made in 1755, which, together with the original, has been republished by Mr. Collier in the *Shakespeare Library*. No version of so early a date of the play having been heard of, we have no means of knowing whether the Poet read it in Italian or in English. In the novel the residence of the lady, who answers to Portia, is placed at Belmonte, an Italian seaport. Being mistress of the port and the country round, she offers herself to all that belongs to her in marriage upon certain conditions, which we cannot stay to repeat, and would not if we could. In the pursuit of this prize many gentlemen have been ruined, as all the wealth they brought with them to be forfeited unless they fulfilled the conditions; and her wise ladyship still disabled them from doing by giving them sleeping potions. Her last suitor is a young Florentine named Giannetto, who, first for his father's sake, and for his own, is greatly beloved by Ansaldo, the rich merchant in Venice. Three times Ansaldo fits him out with fine ships and rich cargoes to trade in company with several friends at Alexandria, and as often the young gentleman, though a miracle of virtue and talents, contrives to slip away from his companions into the port of Belmonte. Twice he falls a victim to the lady's potions, and returns poor and ashamed to Venice, but keeps up his credit by inventing such causes of miscarriage as leave him not blamed. To complete his third outfit, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, and gave a bond that if payment were not made by a certain day, the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. This time, upon his arrival at Belmonte, one of the lady's maids whispers in his ear how to succeed. In the intoxication of his new state drowns the memory of his benefactor till the very day of payment comes. I

n by an accident reminded of it, and greatly troubled
reat, he makes known the cause of his distress, and
thwith sets out for Venice, with ten times the sum due.

sooner is he gone than his wife follows him in the dis-
se of a lawyer, and, arriving in Venice, gives herself
as a graduate of the law-school at Bologna. Lawyers
ng then rather scarce, she is called in to the trial, which
her conduct turns out much the same as in the play.

his fullness of gratitude Giannetto offers her the ten
ousand ducats, and she refuses them, declaring she will
ept nothing but his marriage ring, which he at last gives
. Afterwards she banters him upon the loss of it, and
n discloses what she has done; and finally Giannetto re-
rds his benefactor with the hand of the servant-maid who
isepared in his ear the way of success.

This outline is enough to certify the reader that Shake-
sare had access to the novel in some form or other;
ugh no one can well conceive the wealth of his adding
hout reading the original story. It should be remarked
thal, that evident as are the Poet's obligations in this
arter, he varies from it in such a way as to show an ac-
aintance with the similar tale in the *Gesta Romanorum*;
ile his substituting the caskets for the unhandsome con-
ions, imposed by the heroine of the novel, illustrates how
ll he understood the moral laws of his art; that whatso-
er offends against virtue and honor is so far forth of-
nsive to nature and good taste.

The matter of the bond and its forfeiture is again found
The Orator, a book containing "a hundred several Dis-
urses," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn
Anthony Munday, and published in 1598. A Chris-
ian merchant owed a Jew nine hundred crowns, which he
und himself to pay within three months, or to give him a
und of his flesh. The time being passed, the Jew refused
e money, and stood upon the bond. The ordinary judge
the place appointed him to cut a pound of the merchant's
sh, and, if he cut either more or less, then his own head
uld be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sen-

tence to the chief judge; and the Discourse in question made up of the Jew's argument and the Christian's answer. Shakespeare has no signs of obligation in that quarter; so that the matter as there handled is of no consequence in this connection, save as showing the commonness of the incident. Mr. Douce indeed says, "Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed" from *Orator*; which breeds some doubt whether he had ever the latter.

In Percy's *Reliques*, among the "ballads that illustrate Shakespeare," we have "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." Some question has been made whether the ballad or the play was written first; but we are satisfied, for reasons which need not be stated here, that the ballad was before the play and the first stanza suggests the novel, of which we have given an outline, as the probable foundation of it:

"In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell."

Here again the Poet is clearly traced by certain resemblances of expression: in the play we have,—*"Go with me to a notary, seal me there your single bond; and there make merry sport,"* etc.; and again,—*"Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?"* and in the ballad,—*"But we will have a merry jest for to be talked long;"* and again,—*"A bloudie Jew now ready is with whetted blade in hand."* Some lines of the same story are traceable in various other quarters: in fact, it has been seen in so many places that nobody can tell whence it came or whence it was first. Probably it was of eastern origin; one of the many things which, originally set on foot by Arabian fiction, some neighboring authority, have been happening from time to time ever since.

Thus far we have not seen the two incidents of the *novel* and the *caskets* united; yet it is by no means certain

Shakespeare was the first to unite them. In 1579, one Stephen Gosson, having, as would seem, been certified of his own election in such sort and manner as left him full leisure to hunt up and whip the faults of others, put forth a tract entitled "*The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth.*" He was pleased, however, to except from the general censure "The new shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers." No performance answering to this description has in modern times been discovered; but the expressions, "worldly choosers" and "bloody minds of usurers," look as if the two incidents in question had been combined before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. The praise which has been, perhaps justly, bestowed upon this feature of the play, naturally makes us curious to know how far it was original with Shakespeare; but there is little prospect that such curiosity will ever be gratified. Most likely, however, the knowledge of the whole truth would cause no great abatement in the Poet's fame.

Mr. Verplanck has raised an interesting inquiry as to what may have put Shakespeare upon such a choice of subject. The old form of a bond for the payment of money was an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless payment were made at the stipulated time. The common law held that on the forfeiture of the bond the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity stepped in, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought;" that is, the sum lent, with interest and costs, and the damages, if any there were, caused by non-performance of some other contract. Hence a struggle between what were called the old-school and new-school lawyers, which began in the time of Henry III, and continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was settled by statute in favor of the equitable doctrine. This legal controversy was at its height in Shakespeare's time; and as it entered largely into the concerns of busi-

ness, it became a matter of general popular interest. That there were many cases of hardship, in enforcing penalties well known to the people of London, is quite probable; and something of the kind seems referred to in the ballad of Gernutus the Jew:

"Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day."

Mr. Verplanck thinks, and with great apparent reason, that this controversy may have suggested the subject of the play; not indeed that the Poet had any thought of writing a law-lecture or an argument on the point, but that he saw the advantage of using a traditional plot involving a principle familiar to the minds of his audience and pregnant with allusions of immediate interest.

The praise of *The Merchant of Venice* is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved appears in that, from the reopening of the theaters at the Restoration till the present day, the play has kept possession of the stage, while at the same time it is among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten, its interest being as inexhaustible in the closet as upon the stage. Well do we remember it as the very beginning of our acquaintance with Shakespeare; one of the dearest acquaintances that we have ever made, and which has been to us a source of more pleasure and profit than we should dare undertake to tell. Whatsoever local or temporary question may have suggested the theme, the work strikes at once upon cords of universal and perpetual interest: if it fell in with any prejudices or purposes of the time, this was to draw men's thoughts the more surely because secretly, into the course and service of truth; to open and hold their minds, without letting them know it, to grave, solemn lessons of wisdom and humanity; thus like a wise master-builder, using the transient and popular for the building up of the permanent and beautiful. It is this power of causing that men be really elevated while thinking they are but pleased; of raising us above our

f-ends by seemingly ministering to them; that often renders poetry so much more effectual for moral instruction than lectures and sermons: these, by telling men they ought to be better, are apt to foster in them the conceit that they are so; whereas the other, even because it does not tell them this, is more apt to make them so: in a word, it instructs them all the better forasmuch as it does not stir up in them any notion or fancy that they have been instructed.

Critics, no doubt, have too often entertained themselves and others with speculations as to the Poet's specific moral purpose in this play or that. Wherein their great mistake is the not duly bearing in mind, that the special proposing of this or that moral lesson is quite from or beside the purpose of art. As already hinted, a work of art, to be fully deserving the name, must needs be moral, because it must be proportionable and true to nature, thus falling in with the preëstablished harmonies between our inward being and the measures of external order and law: otherwise it is at strife with the compact of things; a piece of disharmony; a part all out of concert and tune with itself; a jarring, unbalanced, crazy thing, that will die with the screechings and gratings of its own noise. If, therefore, a work be morally bad, this proves the author more a bungler than any thing else; and if any one admire it on the pleasure in it, he does so, not from reason, but from passion, or from something within him which his reason, so far as he hath any, necessarily disapproves: so that he is rather to be laughed at as a dunce, than preached to as a sinner.

Touching the moral design of *The Merchant of Venice*, critics have differed greatly, some regarding it as teaching the most large and liberal toleration, others as caressing the narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age. This difference among the critics is a strong argument of the Poet's impartiality; for where no one view is specially prominent, there is the more room for men to attribute such as they may severally prefer, and for each to shew

his own mind in the work of interpretation. For our part, we are satisfied that in this case, as in other choice and treatment of the subject were mainly for and dramatic effect; but for such effect in the large noblest sense,—the sense intended by Ben Jonson in great and most apt expression.—“He was not of a but for all time.” And the highest praise that the of the work might allow is justly his, in that he did the prejudices of his age sway him either way from just measures and proportions of art. On this therefore, we do greatly approve the remarks of Mr planck: “When the subject expanded itself in his he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had them;—the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming harsh to inflicting insolence and injury;—the injured, insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrong into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the deformed and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and enlisted our sympathies wholly on his side, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality.”

In point of characterization *The Merchant of Venice* is exceedingly rich, whether we consider the quantity or quality; and the more we think and study the work the more we cannot but wonder that so much of human nature in so great a variety of development should be compressed into so small a space. The persons naturally fall into three several groups, with each its several plot and action; yet the three are most skillfully plotted, each stands out clear and distinct in its place, yet concurring with others in dramatic unity, so that every thing helps or illustrates the other thing, without either the slightest confusion or slightest appearance of care to avoid it. Of these groups it is hardly needful to add that Antonio, Shylock, and Portia are respectively the centers; while the

enzo and Jessica, though strictly an episode, seems, nevertheless, to grow forth as an element of the original plan, a sort of inherent superfluity, and as such essential, indeed to the being, but to the well-being of the work: a short, a fine romantic undertone accompaniment to the other parts, yet contemplated and provided for in the whole plan and structure of the piece; itself in harmony with all the rest, and therefore perfecting their harmony with one another.

It is observable that the first entry in the Stationers' register speaks of the play as "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice;" as if it were then in question whether to name the piece from Antonio or Shylock. Individually considered, Shylock is together the character of the play, and exhibits perhaps more strength and skill of workmanship than all the others.

So that, viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called *The Jew of Venice*. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the preëminence, and, though, however inferior in himself, he is the center and spring of the entire action: without him the Jew, at as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas conversely, if true at all, is by no means true in so great degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and active personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic

A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil hangs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the oncoming of some great calamity; yet this strange, un-

wonted gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly chase of virtue. This boding, presentimental strain of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting something as an instance of second-sight, and coinciding with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

“powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of.”

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as these even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely soothing effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of the smiles they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and a sense of so vast a discrepancy between their having and their deserving is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppression and dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies may be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a liberal and generous spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the sake of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship; so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy. His character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is more the fault of the times than of the man, we are inclined to side against him; than which it were not easy to find a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we regard rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his

on those very things which make the strongest title
 good man's love.

friendship between Antonio and his companions is
 picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw.
 noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit ignoble
 . Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each ad-
 in their way, and give a charming variety to the
 where they move. Bassanio, though something too
 of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose char-
 and behavior all is order and propriety; with whom
 manners are the proper outside and visibility of a
 mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward re-
 st, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has
 him which, even had his breeding been ill, would
 raised him above it, and made him a gentleman.
 no and Salarino are two as clever, sprightly, and
 persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief
 vice between them being, that the former lets his
 run on from good impulse, the other makes it do
 good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are
 witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they
 port in beauty, of character. It is observable that
 two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in
 it and speech, with less subjection of the individual
 well-ordered forms of social decorum: so that, if he
 not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof
 that good behavior he has is his own; a growth from
 not an impression from without. It is rather re-
 ble that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should
 that carry so much weight of meaning; and he
 seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting
 ity. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for
 nothing;" and he often makes a merit of talking
 se when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort
 se; being willing to incur the charge of folly, pro-
 ne can thereby add to the health and entertainment
friends.

Lorenzo and Jessica are in such a lyrical state of : as naturally keeps their characters in the backgro Both are indeed overflowing with beauty and sweetne mind, but more as the result of nuptial inspiration tha inherent qualities; though the instrument had nee pretty well tuned and delicately strung, to give forth tones, be it breathed upon never so finely. Jessica been well described as a "child of nature, hurried along the deep enthusiasm of Eastern love and passion." elopement in itself and its circumstances forces us to alternative, that either she is a very bad child, or Shy a very bad father; and there are enough other thing persuade us of the latter, though not in such sort but some share of the reproach falls upon her. For woman have so bad a home as to justify her in thusserting and robbing it, it can scarce be but that the cities of its atmosphere will have wrought themselves s what into her temper and character; so that she will without spot or blemish only while in a condition to : our pity. Jessica's lover stands fair in our sight, r tively, because he does nothing unhandsome, positively cause he has such good men for his friends. It curious instance of the Poet's subtlety, that what they do for him should be in some measure done for her by a person as Launcelot Gobbo. The better parts of Je and the Clown are reflected from each other: we thin better of her that she has kindled something of poeti such a clod, and of him, that he is raised above himse the presence of such an object. And her conduct is fu justified to our feelings by the odd testimony he furn to her father's badness;—a testimony which, though c great weight in itself, goes far to confirm all that is fied against him by others. We see that the Jew is the same at home as in the Rialto; that let him be v he will, it is his nature to snarl and bite. Such, in *view of the matter*, is the dramatic propriety of this *being*; *his part*, though often scouted as a hindranc *such critics as can see but one thing at a time*, is

ry to the completeness of the work; since without him we
 ild not so well have sufficient knowledge either of Jessica
 of her father. But though his main title to the place
 fills be on account of others, still he has a value in him-
 f, quite independently of such reference; his own per-
 al rights enter into the purpose of his introduction, and
 carries in himself a part of the reason why he is so and
 t otherwise: for Shakespeare seldom if ever brings in a
 rson merely for the sake of others. A mixture, indeed,
 conceit and drollery, and hugely wrapped up in self,
 t he is by no means a commonplace buffoon, but stands
 n and secure in the sufficiency of his original stock.
 s elaborate nonsense, his grasping at a pun without
 tching it, yet feeling just as grand as if he did, is both
 licious and natural: his jokes, to be sure, are mostly
 ilures; nevertheless they are laughable, because he dreams
 t but that they succeed. Thus, as hath been well said,
 e proves that the poverty of a jest may be enriched in
 fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he
 als it out; and because there are few things that provoke
 ughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a
 all matter." In Launcelot, moreover, the principle and
 other element of the whole piece runs out in broad humor
 d travestie; he exhibits under an intensely comic form
 e general aspect of surrounding humanity; his character
 ing at the same time an integral part in that varied
 ructure of human life, which it is the genius and office
 of the Romantic Drama to represent. On many accounts,
 deed, he might not be spared.

In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could
 o in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and
 accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of
 beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently
 ractical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native,
 omebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something
 f the *ripeness and dignity* of a sage, a rich, mellow elo-
 quence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being te-
 red with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood.

As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be fitting and well-placed than her demeanor, now bracing speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or in cent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character scarce the less lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet always so becomingly that hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jam with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that honorable issue of her course at the trial would be to a woman: she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's health and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these can no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for the part of a man, it would seem as though she could so go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill with which the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and sublimity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her, breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious *ing* to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the "souled" creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her

It is a standing marvel of power and scope in the art; at the same time appearing so much a man's making, that we scarce know how to look upon the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shylock had no less a task than to inform with individual peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national life in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; we have a pride which for ages never ceased to proliferate, but which no hostility could ever subdue; which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the nation to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it was without the means or the hope of redress. Thus is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and weaknesses. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he has no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnification of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became dried or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian hatred that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that was done him.

These strong national traits are interwoven with traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his intellectuality, and his "dry, mummy-like tenacity of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting sarcasm, we see the remains of a great and noble nature out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much force of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing daunts, nothing disconcerts him; remonstrance cannot, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate

him: when he has not provoked them, he has been to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he has proof against them. In a word, he may be bent, but cannot be bent.

These several elements of character are so combined in Shylock, that we cannot distinguish their influence. Even his avarice has a smack of piety. Money is the only defense of his brethren as well as of himself, and he craves it for their sake as much as for his own. He feels indeed that wrongs are offered to them in the same way as to him in them. Antonio has scorned his religion, he has lost him of usurious gains, insulted his person: the Jew hates him as a Christian, himself a Jew; as a man he hates him for money gratis, himself a griping usurer; as an enemy he hates himself Shylock. Moreover, who but a Christian would have Antonio's faith and fellowship, has stolen away his daughter's heart, and drawn her into revolt, loaded with debts, and his precious, precious jewels? Thus his patriotism, his avarice, his affection, all contribute to cultivate his enmity; and his personal hate, thus reinforced, for once overcomes his avarice, and he grows generous in the prosecution of his design. The only reason that would vouchsafe for taking the pound of flesh is, "if it will do nothing else, it will feed my revenge;"—a reason more satisfactory to him, forasmuch as those who would give it can neither allow nor refute it: and until he can rail the seal from off his bond, all their railings are but a foretaste of the revenge he seeks. In his eagerness that morsel sweeter to him than all the luxuries of life, his recent afflictions, the loss of his daughter, his loss of his jewels, and even the precious ring given him by his parted wife, all fade from his mind. In his cruel, unrelenting, imperturbable hardness at the time, there is something that makes our blood to tingle. What a sublimity of malice! We feel, and tremble as we witness the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other *all other thoughts*. Fearful, however, as is his nature, *he comes not off* without moving our pity. Y

whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs, the national curse overtakes him: in standing up to the law he has but strengthened his enemies' hands, and opened their weapons against himself; and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable, heart-broken Shylock.

The Merchant of Venice is justly distinguished among Shakespeare's dramas for the beauty of particular scenes and passages. For descriptive power, the opening scene between the Merchant and his friends is not easily rivaled, and can hardly fail to live in the memory of any one that has an eye for such things. Equally fine in its way is the scene between Tubal and Shylock, where the latter is torn with the struggle of conflicting passions, his heart sinking with grief at the account of his fugitive daughter's expenses, now leaping with malignant joy at the report of Antonio's losses at sea. The trial scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion and its hush of terrible expectation, now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's noble gushes of friendship, is hardly surpassed in tragic power any where; and as it forms the catastrophe, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play. Scarce inferior in its kind is the night scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, bathed as it is in the moonlight, "touches of sweet harmony," and soul-stirring discourse, followed by the grave moral reflections of Portia, as she approaches her home, and sees its lights, and hears its music. The bringing in this passage of ravishing lyrical sweetness, so replete with the most soothing and tranquilizing effect, close upon the intense dramatic excitement of the preceding scene, is such a transition as may be found nowhere but in Shakespeare, and shows his unequalled mastery over the mind's capacities of delight. The affair of the rings, with the harmless perplexities flowing out of it, is a well-managed device for letting the audience down from the tragic height, whereon it lately stood, to the merry conclusion which the play requires. Critics

indeed, may easily quarrel with this merry after-piece; but it stands justified by the tribunal to which criticism it must bow, the spontaneous feelings of all such as willing to be made happier and wiser, without beating their brains about the how and wherefore.

Before leaving this fruitful theme, it may be worth while to consider, for a moment, what a wide diversity of materials are here drawn up and moulded into unity of life and impression. Ben Jonson, in his preface to *Alchemist*, sets it down as "the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed." A principle very well illustrated in the play before us. One can hardly realize how many things are there brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony; the greatness of the work being thus hidden in its fine proportions. In many of the Poet's dramas we are surprised at the great variety of character: here, besides this, we have also a remarkable variety of plot; and, admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters, severally considered, the interweaving of so many several plots, without the least confusion or embarrassment, evinces a still higher masterpiece. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life, they all emphatically live together, as though they had but one circulation. So that the play is like a large full-grown, fair-spreading tree, which we know is made of divers smaller trees, all developed from and cohering in one common life.

Now, admitting the excellence of workmanship shown in the several plots and characters, there is a further question, namely: What business have they here? by what law or principle are they thus brought together? A question that has been handled with so much of ingenuity, or something better, by Ulrici the German critic, as may entitle his view to a place in this connection. He regards the whole play as a manifold working out of the principle that all forms of right and justice, if pushed beyond

ain point, pass over into their opposites, so that extreme right becomes extreme wrong, thus verifying the old maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*. Which is best exemplified in Shylock, who has formal right on his side, in that he claims no more than Antonio has freely bound himself to pay; but in the strict rigid exacting of this right he runs into the foulest wrong, because in his case justice is not justice unless it be tempered with mercy: for, to keep its own nature, it must be an offshoot from a higher principle of charity. So, also, the tying up of Portia's hand to the disposal of chance, and robbing her of all share in the choice of a husband, rests ultimately on paternal right; yet this extreme right is an extreme wrong, because it might involve her in misery for life, but for chance, a lucky thought of the moment, leads to a happy result. Likewise in case of Jessica; her conduct is exceedingly wrong, but that she has good cause for it in the approved malignity of her father's temper; for justice cannot blame her for forsaking both the person and the religion of one, even though her father, whose character is so steeped in cruelty. Again, in the matter of the marriages, the same principle is reflected, right and wrong being here driven to that extreme point where they pass over into each other: only Portia understands or feels this truth, and cause her mind lives in the harmonies of things, and is not poisoned with any self-willed abstraction. Which affords a further justification of the fifth act: "it effaces the tragic impression which still lingers on the mind from the fourth act; the last vibrations of the harsh tones which were there struck here die away; in the gay and amusing efflux of love the sharp contrarieties of right and wrong are playfully reconciled." Thus while the several parts are disposed with clearness and precision, each proceeding naturally of itself, and alongside the others, that we never lose the thread, at the same time a free living principle pervades them all, rounding them off into a perfect organic whole. And the several parts and persons are

only cohere with one another, but with the general stances wherein they occur. Thus in the character of Portia, for example, the splendor of Italian scenery, and art, is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination, and is complicated with all she does

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

ANTONIO

In Antonio, the royal merchant, who, amid all his fortune and splendor, is a victim to melancholy and spleen induced by forebodings of coming disaster, Shakespeare has certainly expressed something of his own nature. Antonio's melancholy is closely related to that which, in the years immediately following, we shall find in Jaques in *A You Like It*, in the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, and in Hamlet. It forms a sort of mournful undercurrent to the joy of life which at this period is still dominant in Shakespeare's soul. It leads, after a certain time, to the substitution of dreaming and brooding heroes for those men of action and resolution who, in the poet's brighter youth had played the leading parts in his dramas. For the rest, despite the princely elevation of his nature, Antonio is by no means faultless. He has insulted and baited Shylock in the most brutal fashion on account of his faith and his blood. We realize the ferocity and violence of the mediæval prejudice against the Jews when we find a man of Antonio's magnanimity so entirely a slave to it. And when, with a little more show of justice, he parades his loathing and contempt for Shylock's money-dealings, he strangely (as it seems to us) overlooks the fact that the Jews have been carefully excluded from all other means of livelihood, and have been systematically allowed to scrape together gold in order that their hoards may always be at hand when circumstances render it convenient to plunder them. Antonio's attitude towards Shylock can not possibly be Shakespeare's own. Shylock cannot un-

stand Antonio, and characterizes him (III, iii) in the words—

“This is the fool that lent out money gratis.”

But Shakespeare himself did not belong to this class of fools. He has endowed Antonio with an ideality which he had neither the resolution nor the desire to emulate. Such a man's conduct towards Shylock explains the other's cast's hatred and thirst for revenge.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

In the center of the actors in the play, in a rather passive position, stands Antonio, the princely merchant, with his enviable and immense possessions, a Timon and Shylock in riches, but with a noble nature elevated far above the effects which wealth produced in these men. Placed between the generous giver and the miser, between the spendthrift and the usurer, between Bassanio and Shylock, between friend and foe, he is not even remotely tempted by the vicissitudes into which these have fallen; there is not the slightest trace to be discovered in him of that care for his wealth imputed to him by Salanio and Salarino, who in its possession would be its slaves. But his great riches have inflicted upon him another evil, the malady of the rich, which have never been agitated and tried by anything, and have never experienced the pressure of the world. He has the spleen, he is melancholy; a sadness has seized him; the source of which no one knows; he has a presentiment of some danger, such as Shakespeare always imparts to sensitive, susceptible natures. In this spleen, like a hypochondriac, he takes delight in cheerful society: he is surrounded by a number of parasites and flatterers among whom there is one nobler character, Bassanio, with whom alone a deeper impulse of friendship connects him. He is affable, mild, and generous to all, without knowing their tricks and without sharing their mirth; the loquacious versatility and humor of a Gratiano is indifferent to him. *His pleasure in their intercourse is passive, according to his universal apathy.* His nature is quiet and is

Difficulty affected; when his property and his management save him without anxiety, he utters a "fie, fie," over the supposition that he is in love; touched by no fault, but loved also by no virtue, he appears passionless, and almost an automaton. The position which the poet has given him in the midst of the more active characters of the piece is an especially happy one: for were he of less negative greatness he would throw all others into deep shadow. He should feel too painful and exciting a sympathy in his subsequent danger. Yet he is not allowed, for this reason, to appear quite feelingless. For in one point he shows that he shared the choler and natural feelings of others. When brought into contact with the usurer, the Jew Shylock, we see him in a state of agitation, partly arising from moral and business principles, partly from intolerance and from national religious aversion. This sense of honor in the merchant against the money-changer and usurer urges him to those glaring outbursts of hatred when he rates Shylock in the Rialto about his "usances," calls him a dog, "foots" him, and spits upon his beard. For this he receives a lesson for life in his lawsuit with the Jew, whom, with his apathetic negligence, he allowed to get the advantage over him. His life is placed in danger, and the apparently insensible man is suddenly drawn closer to us; he is suffering, so that high and low interfere for him; he himself petitions Shylock; his situation weakens him; the experience is not lost upon him; it is a crisis, it is the creation of a new life for him; finally, when he is lord and master over Shylock, he no longer calls up his old hatred against him, and, aroused from his apathy, he finds henceforth in Bassanio's happiness and tried friendship the source of a renovated and ennobled existence.—
GERVINUS, Shakespeare Commentaries.

SHYLOCK

Shylock is a good hater; "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far,

he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depository of the vengeful spirit of the Jewish race; and though the long habit of brooding over insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with a morose misanthropy, and hardened him against the appeals of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphs of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitter resentment. The constant apprehension of being alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, can be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature. He takes something from that "milk of human kindness" which his persecutors contemplated his indignity. His desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with his proud spirit, hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," by repeated undeserved provocations, aiming to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "revenge," till the ferociousness of the means he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity which he adheres to it, turn us against him; but at last, when disappointed of the sanguinary revenge which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to scorn and contempt by the letter of the law on which he insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not the argument but of the question, reasoning on the principles and practice. They are so far from showing any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that when they come to ask a favor of him, and Shylock tells them that "on such a day they spit upon him and spurned him, another called him dog, and for the same reason *sies request he'll lend them so much moneys.*"—his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment

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severity and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant of those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment—

“I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.”

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy, or the blindest prejudice; and the Jew's answer to one of Antonio's friends, who asks what his pound of forfeit flesh is good for, is irresistible—

“To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and that's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.”

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. Take the following as an instance:—

"Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing wrong?

*You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them;—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it;
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?"*

The keenness of his revenge awakes all his faculties he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether or gay, whether of wit or argument, with an eagerness of earnestness and self-possession. His character is displayed as distinctly in other less prominent parts of the play, and we may collect from a few sentences the history of his life—his descent and origin, his thrift and domestic economy, his affection for his daughter, who loves next to his wealth, his courtship and his first part to Leah, his wife! "I would not have parted with it" (the ring which he first gave her) "for a wilderness of monkeys!" What a fine Hebraism is implied in this expression!—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*

A word may be said concerning the representation of Shylock. I suppose it is the tradition to represent him as a decrepit, old, and dirty Jew, in worn and almost ragged clothes, with a senile stoop and manner—I have seen him look like Fagin on the stage. The Duke calls him "Shylock," but to be old is not to be decrepit. He is in possession of his faculties; he can dine out; he is acting the Rialto; his stormy passion of wrath and revenge *that of a feeble old man, but of a man of sixty*

He may be called old, but whose blood is hot and his will resolute.

He is a miser, or rather a gold-breeder, but he is not a ragged miser, nor a dirty one. I am sure Shakespeare meant him to be clean and decently dressed, and respected by his countrymen on the Rialto. The Christians might call him dog, but Tubal and the rest knew better. Though he keeps Lancelot's extravagant temper in order, he does not really stint his food. Loss of jewels and money maddens him, but other folk than misers are affected in the same way. His miserliness has been exaggerated into an extreme, and it is plain that his love of money is absorbed by his hatred and his love of vengeance.

At first he is only the business man who makes money as Jacob made his ewes. Then suddenly it occurs to him that he will take the chance of entrapping Antonio; and then hate conquers money-getting. Moreover, the Jew in him arises, and money-getting is also lost in the desire to avenge the cause of Israel against the Christian. Both of those passions mingle in him, one personal, one national, and strengthen one another. Then, he is uplifted, far above the usurer and the vulgar Jew, on to the magic plane. The servility of the Jew is killed. His speech gains nobility; it is resolute and strong. Only to Tubal, his countryman, does he reveal any weakness after his first outburst of rage in the streets. He claims the law; he appeals to the Duke, he puts the whole of Venice into action and disturbance. He attacks the jailer in the streets for permitting Antonio to take the air. The fury of his passion has made him for the moment another man. He ought to tower in the court. Bated breath and whispering humbleness or mean cunning have nothing to do with his appearance. His revenge should straighten his back, and flame in his eyes, and dignify his port. The more he towers above the rest, the more dramatic his sudden fall may be made; the fiercer, the more absorbing his passion, the more it forgets everything but itself.

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I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
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When Shylock breaks down, it is when he is alone in his empty house. And Shakespeare leaves that to our imagination.—BROOKE, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*.

Shylock is, in the first place, a very successful representation of the Jewish national character in general, not of that venerable, grand, even though one-sided spirit which animated the people in the days of Moses, David, and the Prophets, but of that low, undignified, degenerate way of thinking into which the fallen people had sunk during the time of their dispersion over the face of the earth—those centuries of long persecution and sore oppression. Their grand endurance and steadfastness, their strict adherence to religion, custom and law, had during those times changed into obstinacy and self-will; their shrewd intellect into finesse and a talent for speculative combinations; their enthusiasm for prophecy into superstition; their love of inheritance—which was in so far praiseworthy as it was

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 nsists stubbornly upon the letter of the foreign law.
 mon-sense and shrewdness, in him, clothe themselves in
 garb of that peculiarly subtle humor and cutting sar-
 of wit, which he has so freely at his command.
 y, his love for his daughter, whom he guards as the
 of his eye, and seeks to protect against the baneful

influences of her surroundings, and his faithful attachment to the religion and customs of his ancestors, which he considers as more important than profit and honor, show a couple of purely human motives, which, to some extent moderate what is repulsive in his sentiments and mode of action. In describing special, personal features of this kind, not only is that which is general in the national character individualized, but that which would make him a caricature is likewise avoided; the man is saved by the element of humanity.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

SOURCE OF THE CHARACTER OF SHYLOCK

If the fate of Q. Elizabeth's Jew physician, Roderigo Lopez, who, with two other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive, on June 7, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth, so impressed folk's minds that it was taken by Dekker as one of the most prominent features of his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, and was mentioned by Middleton in his *Game of Chesse* (pr. 1625), I do not see why it, and the discussions he must have heard on it, should not have suggested to Shakspeare some of the thoughts which he has expressed by Shylock's mouth.—FURNIVAL, *The Merchant of Venice* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimile*.

THE NAME SHYLOCK

He found the story of the *Merchant of Venice* floating around as a common yarn. He at once seized upon it. He is indifferent as to the characters. He is surrounded by a certain dominant Christian idea. He sketches the characters as he finds them, and as they become the age; and only in a bigoted age and among an ignorant and prejudiced people would such a character as "Shylock" have received such prestige. As in the case of Dickens and *Fagin* of to-day, the people of that day wanted a type that suited their own low notions of what a

ought a Hebrew should be. "Shylock" was that type, and once drawn by such a master hand as Shakespeare it is no wonder that it "took" with the people of that day, and that the creation passed down to our age, as such things do, without the mass of the people stopping to give it the thought in regard to it. The world generally accepts what it finds and never questions its origin and influence. —EL SEYONPI, *The Name Shylock*.

THE MERCHANT AND THE JEW

Antonio is a good man, but a bad Christian. Shylock is a bad man, but a good Jew. The defective Christianity of the Merchant is as conspicuous as the inhumanity of the Jew, and the culminating interest of the "trial," far from being exhausted by the deliverance of Antonio and the discomfiture of his "inhuman adversary," reaches on, in its majestic exhibition of justice and mercy, to a triumphant demonstration of the spirit of Christianity actuating and animating the loftiest principles that can govern the relations of man to man.

Antonio is "a good man." Compassion and generosity are parts of his nature. He is a very Roman in his abhorrence of usury. In a "low simplicity, he lends out money gratis." He is

"One in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

But he is "a bad Christian." Here we are at issue with the dictum of Schlegel that the hatred of the Jew is "directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments." Not so, says the Jew himself:—

"I hate him for he is a Christian:—
But more, for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

Antonio admits the same. Natural humanity and an "ancient Roman honor," not "truly Christian sentiment" chiefly provoke the hatred of the Jew. Of "truly Christian sentiment" there is a significant lack. Antonio's contempt for the Jew manifests itself in spitting and spurning in open contumely and loud reproach. He believes him "incapable" of reformation as of mercy—far more possible conversion.

"You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that, than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart."

. Shylock is "a bad man, but a good Jew." With all his strength of character, he is after all the victim of his passions. Bigotry, avarice, revenge, rule him in turn. His hatred of the man who reviles him and his "sacred nation" is exceeded by his enmity to one who thwarts his bargains and spoils his usury. But his avarice, which has expelled even his natural affection for his daughter, is in turn surpassed by his revenge. The offer of thrice his money is contemptuously and savagely set aside when the thirst of the Merchant's blood has once become the master passion of his breast.—MORRIS, *The Merchant of Venice in Keynotes of Shakespere's Plays*.

PORTIA

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities, which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but besides the dignity, the sweetness and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself; by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleases

we ever waited round her; and from infancy she has bathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendor had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the somber or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth in her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honorable principles, her best qualities as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense merges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view; to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honor by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource.

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confident, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest

der, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montagu is one instance; and Madame de Staël furnishes another more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable radical error of education; in the old, it is one of the symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the strong and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket scene, she fears in the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is at stake; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

In the elements which compose the character of Portia Shakespeare anticipated, but without intention, the intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with so large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and finds it sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated to all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects

VENICE

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gives the music the color of a soul that has come home **wife**—and motherhood, till her thoughts put such a **in** upon the vibrating strings that they grow too tense, **threaten** to divulge her delicate secret.—So she cries,—

“Peace! Now the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak’d.”

graceful passion takes shelter in the old myth whose **ies** personify her thought. And her style of speaking **inds** us of the more polished ladies of Shakspeare’s time, **delighted** in the masques and revels in which the **pers** of the old mythology were charged to utter gallant **iments**. She is a woman of Juliet’s clime, and not **hout** her frankness; but she has been brought up in **gland**, and her feeling and her judgment are English **ough** and through.

She has been forbidden by her father’s testament to **ke** free choice of the man whom she will love. But she **ld** as soon be divested of her intellect as of her power **d** wish to love. There is not a single drop running **ough** all her fairness that has caught a chill from the **arter** of her brain where wit and wisdom ponder in their **ar** north light. Her mind is strong, but not the mind of **man**, and with no traits more masculine than her frame **elf**, which is love’s solicitor:—

“Here are sever’d lips,
Parted with sugar breath.”

ad even in her strict speech to Shylock we can feel the **ght** draught of it, tempering the inclemency of her **urb** and unexpected threat: the Jew quails under the **nces** which rain on him, golden, grave, serene. And they **mpel** us to observe that pure sex has given the pitch to **r** strong, fatal wisdom.—*WEISS, Wit, Humor, and Shak-*
peare.

BASSANIO

*Between Portia and Antonio stands Bassanio, the frier
the one, the lover of the other; he appears between*

two boundlessly rich persons as a man utterly poor in his circumstances, inconsiderate, and extravagant expense of his friend. He seems to belong thorough the parasitical class of Antonio's friends. In this he is more inclined to the merry Gratiano than to Antonio's severe gravity; he appears on the stage with intention "When shall we laugh?" and he joins with his glib companions in all cheerful and careless folly. On this occasion he is borrowing once more three thousand in order to make a strange Argonautic expedition: "Golden Fleece," staking them on a blind adventurous wooing of a rich heiress. His friend by his habit of never borrowing on credit, he enters into a bargain with the Jew upon the bloody condition, and the adventurer accepts the loan with the sacrifice. Bassanio sets forth, on the very same day and evening, he purchases fine livery for his servants with this money, and a merry feast as a farewell, during which the daughter of the invited Jew is to be carried off by one of the free-fellows. Does not the whole conduct appear as if only the seeming friend of this rich man for the borrowing his money, and only the seeming lover of the rich lady for the sake of paying his debts with her?

But this quiet Antonio seemed to know the man apparently bad to be of better nature. He knew Bassanio as somewhat too extravagant, but not incurable; one who was ready and able also to restrict himself. He knew him as one who stood "within the eye of honour," he lent to him without a doubt of his integrity. His confidence was unlimited, and he blames him rather than should "make question of his uttermost," than "if he made waste of all he has." In his melancholy, Bassanio is the man alone who chains him to the world; their friendship needs no brilliant words, it is unfeignedly genuine. His eyes, full of tears at parting, tell Bassanio his worth to Antonio; it is the very acceptance of which satisfies Antonio's confidence.—GERVINUS
peare Commentaries.

LORENZO

Lorenzo is for the most part a dreamy inactive nature, as may be seen in his amused tolerance of Launcelot's word-fencing—word-fencing being in general a challenge which none of Shakespeare's characters can resist; similarly, Lorenzo's enthusiasm on the subject of Portia, which in itself he shares, he prefers to meet in the banter:

"Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife."

The strong side of his character also is shown us in the play: he has an artist soul, and to the depth of his passion for music and for beauty of nature we are indebted for some of the noblest passages in Shakespeare. This is the attraction which has drawn him to Jessica, her outer beauty being the index of artistic sensibility within: "she is never weary when she hears sweet music," and the soul of rhythm awakened in her, just as much as in her husband, by the midnight scene. Simplicity again, is a quality they have in common, as is seen by their ignorance in money-matters, and the way a valuable turquoise ring goes for a trifle—if, at least, Tubal may be believed: a carelessness of money which mitigates our dislike of the free hand Jessica lays upon her father's ducats and jewels. On the whole, however, Lorenzo's dreaminess makes a pretty contrast to Jessica's vivacity. And Lorenzo's inactivity is capable of being roused to great things. This is seen in the elopement itself: for the suggestion of its incidents seems to be that Lorenzo meant at first no more than to play with the pretty Jewess, and that he rose to the occasion as he found and appreciated Jessica's higher tone of attraction. Finally, we must see the caliber of Lorenzo's character through the eyes of Portia, who sees him at first sight as the representative to whom to commit her household in her absence, of which commission he will take no refusal.—MOULTON, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*.

more the actor has to do when his revenge is cut away from under his feet. When the actor makes him an object of pity during the judgment scene, he misses Shakespeare's aim. When the judgment is given, and not till then, pity may be claimed; but it is pity greatly modified by horror at the image he has presented of unrelenting and furious revenge. I do not believe that Shakespeare meant us to have more pity for Shylock than may be felt for him at his speech in which the Jew appeals to the Christian as man to man: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Nor do I think that last speech is the speech of a broken man. Even after terrible overthrow, enough of the swell of his rage and hatred lasts to take him with some tragic dignity out of court. He accepts his fate, but it is with flashing eyes and his "I am not well" need not contradict this. He flings it to them as an excuse for departure.

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her favor conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and short mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare Heroines*.

GRATIANO

That husband, Gratiano, is a most delightful and most natural character. He is one of those useful men in society who will keep up the ball of mirth and good-humor simply by his own mercurial temperament and agreeable rattle; for he is like a babbling woodside brook, running through at once, and presenting every ripple of its surface to the sunbeams of good-fellowship. If a picnic were proposed, Gratiano would be the man for the commissariat department: and the wines shall be unimpeachable in quantity as well as quality; the ladies shall be no squire of dames, and the men no stimulus to keep the gallantry from rusting. And, what is better than all, a friend be in adversity, Gratiano will champion him with good words and deeds, if not with the most sagacious counsel. He would, no doubt, talk a man off his legs; and therefore, Shakespeare has brought him as a relief against the two grave men, Antonio and Bassanio, who, being so anxious on account of worldly cares, resent his vivacity and they are at all events as peevish as he is flippant and inconsiderate. Bassanio says of Gratiano that he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing"; that "his reasons are as many grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall see all day long ere you shall find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the search." The best of this is, that Bassanio himself advances no claim to be the censor of his lively companion, for in comparison with him he is dull in capacity, and the very observation just quoted follows one of the most agreeable and sensible speeches in the play—made by "the infinite-deal-of-nothing" Gratiano. *Shakespeare has made the best apology for the Merchant*

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 er could not fail to throw liberally into Gratiano's
 , and he has nowhere produced a better defense of
 al vivacity. Moreover, he has not made Gratiano
 ily boisterous—indulging his own feelings only: he
 manifests a solicitude for Antonio's lowness of spirits,
 then he rallies him. These are the small and delicate
 ; thrown into his characters that render them exhaust-
 as studies, and give us that indefinable, rather, per-
 , that unrecognized and unconscious interest in all they
 nd do, and which, to the same extent, appears to be the
 st undivided prerogative of Shakespeare alone.—
 KE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

PORTIA'S SUITORS

ie choice of the suitors for Portia's hand, though the
 nt of luck is allowed to count for something, is regu-
 in the main by their characters. A large group of
 , in fact, never go so far as to risk the choice at all.
 hese we hear in the opening dialogue between Portia
 Nerissa. They are representatives of six different na-
 , and in every case they are merely types of the pecu-
 foibles of their countrymen. Not one of them has
 gh of manly resolution to venture on an experiment
 h, in case of failure, debars them from marriage for

Morocco is made of sterner stuff and is not daunted
 these stringent conditions. With the characteristic dis-
 of a Sultan for "shows of dross" he turns hurriedly
 the leaden casket; he pauses long before the silver,
 its motto, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
 ves," and barbarian pride is just turning the scale
 nt a lingering relic of modesty, when his eye is caught
 ne gold with its offer of "what many men desire." At
 his glowing Oriental imagination is captivated by the
 n of Portia as the world's desire, and with grand-
 ent figures upon his lips he unlocks the casket, only to
 that "all that glitters is not gold." Arragon is th

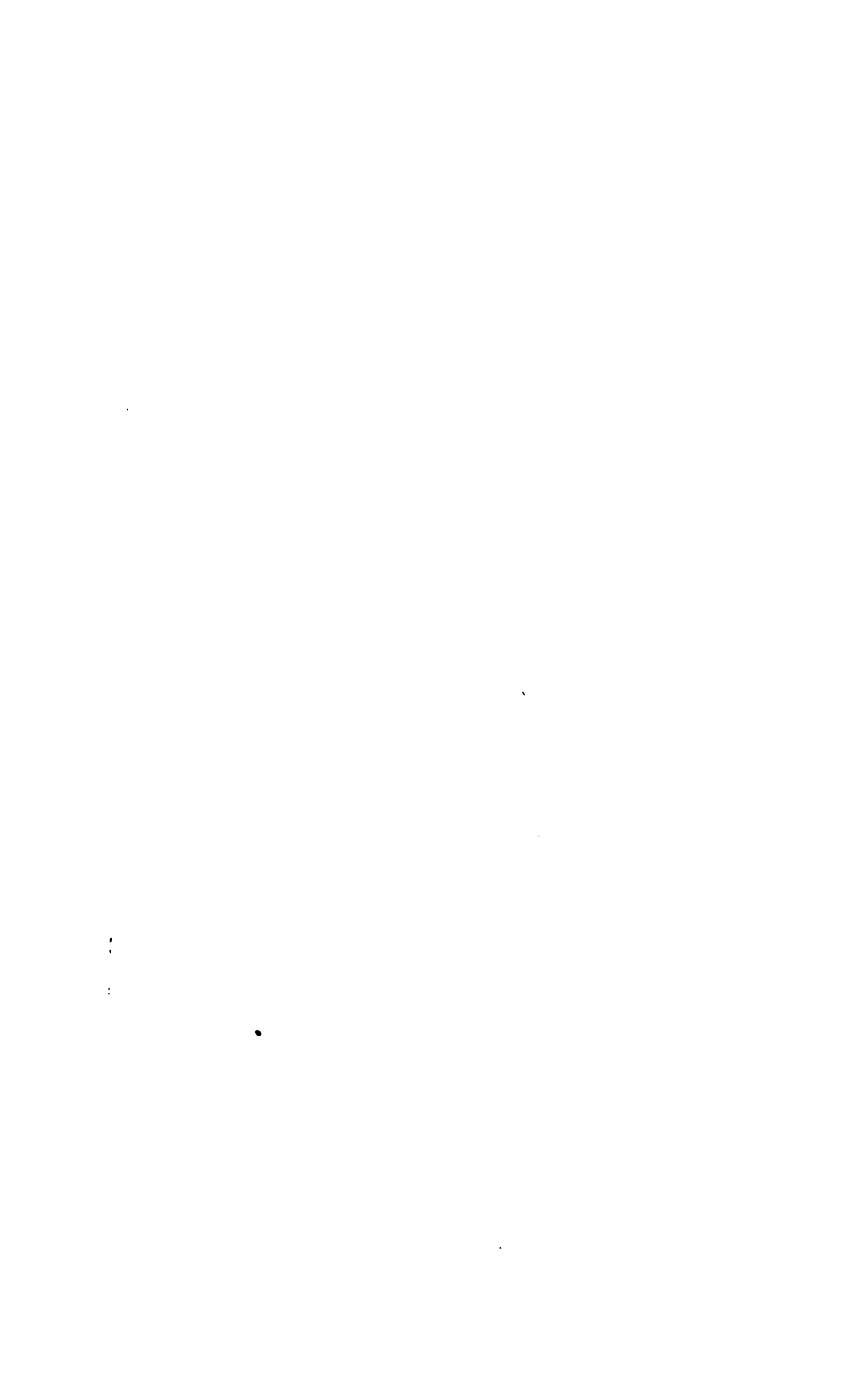
typical Spanish Don steeped in the prejudices and of his class. He too at once sets aside the leaden and instead of being fired by the wish to possess what men desire, he scorns "to jump with common spirit, to bow before the idols of the crowd. He loftily declines to "assume desert," and opens the silver casket, to find it a fool's head. Both these suitors are treated by Portia with calm and stately courtesy, but when Bassanio, who already won her heart, arrives at Belmont, she cannot resist her agitation. Though she does not swerve an inch from her rigid fidelity to the terms of the will, her appeal to her lover to delay his choice, her partial confession of her feelings, and her excited plays upon words are all significant of her inward tumult. The music that she calls for though she is at pains to defend it on other grounds, really meant to allay by its soothing strains the riot of her own heart, during the interval of suspense. But her true test is that the character of the chooser dictates the choice for expression in the words: "If you do love me, you will choose me out." Bassanio's meditations are partially drowned by the music, but, from what we overhear, the gold suggests to him the deceitfulness of "outward shows" or ornament in every sphere of life. The silver is rejected for the not very cogent reason that it is a "pale and common drudge" to a man and man." But the meager lead appeals to the plain straightforward soldier who, in spite of superficial folly is sound at heart, and whose professional instinct is stirred by the threatening challenge to give and hazard all he has. Portia's trust proves to be not misplaced, and she is at last free to bestow herself, and all that is hers, upon Bassanio.

—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

A WELL-NIGH PERFECT PLAY

A play is written to be acted. One could not accurately and intelligently judge a musical composition from reading the notes. No more can one form an accurate and intelligent opinion of a drama from simply reading

It is necessary to hear the musical composition, to see the drama acted. The notes of the former are transformed into sounds, the words of the latter into actions. In forming a critical opinion of a play, therefore, one canon is, Is it successful as an acted play? The expression of Shakespeare's genius did not take the form of epic or lyric poetry, but of dramatic. A drama is not only a literary, but also a histrionic production. Therefore, to study a drama intelligently, its actualities, its adaptability to stage representation, must also be considered. Judged by this test, this play is almost perfect.—FLEMING, *Shakespeare's Plots*.



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice*
BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica*
SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio*
BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Servants to Portia, and other Attendants

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of I
on the Continent*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

Bassanio, a young gentleman of Venice, is in love with Portia, a lady of Belmont; but she is wealthy, while he is poor.

He feels that he must have three thousand ducats to be able to press his suit. For this sum he goes to his friend, Antonio, a merchant of Venice. The latter's wealth at that time is entirely invested in ships at sea, but he remembers a rich Jew, Shylock by name. From him he borrows the money for his friend, giving in return an agreement to forfeit a pound of his flesh should not money be paid on the day it falls due. Antonio signs the agreement without fear, for his ships are scheduled to come home a month before the day.

ACT II

Portia, daughter of Shylock the Jew, elopes with Bassanio, a Christian and a friend of Antonio and of Bassanio.

Her father is very angry at this and the ill-will against Antonio is increased. Portia's father provided by will that his daughter's hand should go to that suitor who should choose the one of three caskets that contained her portrait. Several try and fail.

ACT III

When Bassanio's turn came, he, to his own and Portia's surprise, chooses the right casket. They exchange vows and are married. Bassanio's friend, Gratiano, and Portia's maid

Synopsis

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Nerissa, also engage themselves to marry. But their joy is clouded by a letter from Antonio to Bassanio telling the failure of all the Merchant's ventures and that Shylock claims the forfeiture according to the bond. Bassanio and Gratiano hasten to Venice to aid their friend. Portia and Nerissa plan to be at the trial also.

ACT IV

Portia and Nerissa arrive at the court as the trial is going on; Portia is disguised as a lawyer and Nerissa her clerk, and so well do they act their parts that not even their husbands, recognize them. Portia pleads Antonio's cause with such power and logic that the Duke loses his case, and in addition his estates and property are declared forfeited for plotting against the life of a citizen of Venice. The Duke mitigates his sentence sufficiently to permit him to make a will in favor of his daughter Jessica. Bassanio wishes the lawyer to accept as his fee the ten thousand ducats which had been due the Jew. This Portia declines, but asks for the ring she had given him when they plighted their troth. He unwillingly gives it to her. Nerissa in like manner gets her ring from Gratiano.

ACT V

Portia and Nerissa reach Belmont before the arrival of Bassanio and Gratiano. When the gentlemen get there Nerissa quarrels with Gratiano for giving away her ring. Portia and Bassanio overhear their friends and Bassanio confesses that he, too, has parted with his wife's ring. Portia feigns anger, but finally agrees to forgive her husband and in token gives him a ring. Great is his surprise to find the ring is the same which he had given to the doctor. Explanations follow and everyone is happy. Antonio, who has come home with Bassanio, hears that three of his ships have come safely to port.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

"Enter Antonio," etc.; in the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first scene; and no list of the Persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled to put them. In the folio the first stage-direction is,—*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio*. In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *S.*, and then comes the stage-direction,—*Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio*. And the names are spelled the same way in several other stage-directions; and after the first scene the abbreviated prefixes in the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of *Salanio*, as it is in the most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio*, agree with Knight and Verplanck in transferring to *Salarino* only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because that favors that arrangement.—H. N. H.

I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes aboard. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads,
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand

9. "*Argosies*" are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship *Argo*, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:

"Harder beset
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."—H. N.

27. "*Andrew*"; so called, perhaps, after the famous Italian sea commander, Andrea Doria.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act I. Sc. i.

ailing her high top lower than her ribs
 'o kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 and see the holy edifice of stone, 30
 and not bethink me straight of dangerous
 rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 and, in a word, but even now worth this,
 and now worth nothing? Shall I have the
 thought

'o think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
 'hat such a thing bechanced would make me
 sad?

but tell not me; I know, Antonio
 s sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
 . Why, then you are in love.

Fie, fie!

. Not in love neither? Then let us say you
 are sad,

because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
 'or you to laugh, and leap, and say you are
 merry,

'dock'd'; Rowe's emendation for "docks," the reading of the
 s and Folios.—I. G.

'vailing'; to *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*: from the French
 —H. N. H.

'but even now'; a moment ago.—C. H. H.

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus,
 Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.
 Some that will evermore peep through their
 eyes,
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of
 smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:

We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
 merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh
 say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on you

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio]

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

50. "by two-headed Janus"; an oath in keeping with the "strange fellows of Nature's framing" in the next line.—C. H. H.

56. "Nestor"; being old, is also regarded as grave.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act I. Sc. i.

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
s. I will not fail you.

t. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.

t. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

z. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine 81
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaun-
dice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a willful stillness entertain, 90
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'

. "*at dinner-time*"; i. e. about twelve a.m., the usual dining-
of merchants in Elizabethan London.—C. H. H.

. "*cut in alabaster*"; i. e. the effigy on a tomb.—C. H. H.

. "*willful stillness entertain*"; maintain a determined silence.—
I. H.

"*conceit*"; intelligence.—C. H. H.

O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn th
ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brother
fools.

I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo*]

97. "*when*"; all the old copies read *when* here; and as in cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood changing of *when* into *who*, though common, is hardly admitted. The following lines apparently refer to the judgment pronounced the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to offend their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach. "*gudgeon*," a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* is the name of a small fish very easily caught. The expression is properly, but injuriously, changed to *fool's-gudgeon*.—H. N. H.

. Is that any thing now?

s. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

t. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

ss. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

t. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

2. "*Is that any thing new?*" The old editions read "*Is that thing now?*"; changed to "*new*" by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.—I. G.

. "*His reasons*"; the serious matter of his talk, what he really say.—C. H. H.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shot,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; and by adventure
 both,

I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much; and, like a willful youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend
 time

To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have:
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done
 And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her
 I did receive fair speechless messages:
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:

141. "*of the self-same flight*"; feathered to fly the same dis-
 —C. H. H.

162. "*that word*"; i. e. the word "fair."—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act I. Sc. ii.

or is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 or the four winds blow in from every coast
 renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
 hang on her temples like a golden fleece; 170
 which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'
 strond,

and many Jasons come in quest of her.

my Antonio, had I but the means
 to hold a rival place with one of them,
 have a mind presages me such thrift,
 that I should questionless be fortunate!
 Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
 either have I money, nor commodity
 to raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
 try what my credit can in Venice do: 180
 that shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 to furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 O, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make,
 to have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
 weary of this great world.

You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
 ies were in the same abundance as your
 good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see,

they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—

9. "*comes*"; that is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; *comes* old. We still say, how did he come by it?—H. N. H.

11. "*sentences*"; maxims.—C. H. H.

whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

40

or. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

er. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

or. Aye, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

50

er. Then there is the County Palatine.

or. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when

45. "*Neapolitan*"; the Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.—H. N. H.

46. "*Colt*" is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his old's tooth.—H. N. H.

48. "*appropriation*"; acquired excellence, (*to*, added to).—C. H. H.

52. "*County Palatine*"; this may be an allusion to the Count Alartus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.—L. N. H.

54. "*choose*"; i. e. it is your concern, not mine.—C. H. H.

56. "*the weeping philosopher*"; Heraclitus of Ephesus, whose fundamental maxim was the instability of all things (πάντα ῥεῖ).—H. H.

he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who

80. "*neither Latin, French nor Italian*"; "a satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warton: whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew '*neither Latin, French nor Italian*.'"—H. N. H.

can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

∴ What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor? 90

∴ That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

∴ How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

∴ Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when 100 he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

. "round"; i. e. artificially stuffed with bombast, a French ion.—C. H. H.

. "*the Scottish lord*"; in the first Folio "Scottish" is changed other.—I. G.

. "Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promise of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English" (Warburton).—I. G.

. "*sealed under*"; subscribed to a bond, pledged himself.—C. H.

. "*the young German*"; the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, his enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.—H. N. H.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever

my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best
deserving a fair lady.

∴ I remember him well; and I remember him
worthy of thy praise. 140

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

v. The four strangers seek for you, madam,
to take their leave: and there is a forerunner
come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco;
who brings word, the prince his master will
be here to-night.

r. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so
good a heart as I can bid the other four
farewell, I should be glad of his approach:
if he have the condition of a saint and the 150
complexion of a devil, I had rather he should
shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, an-
other knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

1. "*what news?*"; what's the matter?—C. H. H.

2. "*The four strangers*"; allusion has been made to six strangers.
interesting oversight on the poet's part.—I. G.

∴ discrepancy probably points to a revision, in which two char-
rs (perhaps those of the English and Scottish lords) were
∴—C. H. H.

0. "*condition*"; that is, *temper, disposition*. So, in *Othello*:
d then of so gentle a *condition*!" Likewise, in Tyndall's *Works*:
∴ every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the
conditioned, and every woman her husband so too."—H. N. H.

SCENE III

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Aye, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.

7. "May you stead me?" Can you help me?—C. H. H.

18. "in supposition," a matter of conjecture.—C. H. H.

19. "Tripolis"; this may be either the town in Barbary, or the port in Syria. Since Barbary is distinguished from "Tripolis" in 271, the latter is more likely.—C. H. H.

But ships are but boards, sailors but men:
there be land-rats and water-rats, water-
thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates;
and then there is the peril of waters, winds,
and rocks. The man is notwithstanding
sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think
I may take his bond.

ss. Be assured you may.

y. I will be assured I may; and, that I may 30
be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak
with Antonio?

ss. If it please you to dine with us.

y. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation
which your prophet the Nazarite conjured
the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with
you, talk with you, walk with you, and so
following; but I will not eat with you, drink
with you, nor pray with you. What news
on the Rialto? Who is he comes here? 40

Enter Antonio.

ss. This is Signior Antonio.

y. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he
looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

1. "*a fawning publican*"; probably an allusion to the publican of
New Testament, whose "low simplicity" had been commended by
ur prophet the Nazarite."—C. H. H.

2. "*usance*"; "*it is almost incredible what gain the Venetians
re by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in commo*

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do con-
 gate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-worn trade
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that

For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the year; and if at year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are of measure wealthy in those parts" (Thomas's *History of 1561*).—H. N. H.

52. "*which he calls interest*"; *usance*, *usury*, and *interest* were terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there is then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown in Lord Bacon's *Essay of Usury*, where he mentions the popular sentiments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the flood, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize*; that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in *Italic* show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism; and perhaps nothing but the popular hatred of the Jews on other scores could account for the fast-rooted prejudice against a thing so firmly grounded in the laws of trade. These laws, others, of course benefit those who observe them; and as no true community could thrive unless they were observed, and as none of the *Jews* would observe them, they of course had a monopoly of benefit arising therefrom.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act I. Sc. iii.

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair,
good signior; 60

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Aye, aye, three thousand ducats.
And for three months.
I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear
you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor bor-
row 70

Upon advantage.

I do never use it.

When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; aye, he was the third,—

"Is he yet possess'd How much ye would," so reads the second third Quartos; the Folios read *"he would"*; the first Quarto, *you resolv'd how much he would have"*; this is one of the variant points in which the second Quarto is superior to the—*I. G.*

question is, of course, addressed to Bassanio. Similarly in Shylock after addressing Bassanio turns to Antonio, in 69.—*C.*

Cp. Genesis xxx.—I. G.

"the third," i. e. "reckoning Abraham himself as the first."—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; nor, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and
pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being ran
In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skillful shepherd peel'd me certain wand
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand
heaven.

86. "*kind*" in Shakespeare's time was often used for *rank*.
Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso*, B. xiv. stan. 42 and 48:

"But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
The hidden power I know and virtue great,
And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."

"And fair adorn'd was every part
With riches grown by *kind*, not fram'd by art."—H. N.

87. "*fulsome*" is here apparently used in the sense of *rank*, i. e. *rutty*. The word often occurs in the sense of *filthy*, *nauseous*, a sense which might very well come from *full*, though some derive it from *foul*.—*Fall*, in the second line below, is for *let fall*, common usage of the word in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

88. "*served for*," i. e. he was merely a subordinate agent in the matter.—C. H. H.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

γ. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

τ. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness, 100
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

γ. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see;
the rate—

τ. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

γ. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; 110

3. "*falsehood*" here means knavery, treachery, as *truth* is sometimes used for honesty.—H. N. H.

8. "*In the Rialto*"; in this scene we have already had "*on the*" and "*upon the Rialto*." Concerning the place meant Rogers speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the *e*, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster-ge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked *e* as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio *e* as second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,—

'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me.'

Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta*, high shore; its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, *mts* for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church *be city is there*, and there were erected the buildings for the *stracy and commerce of the infant settlement*."—H. N. H.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help.
 Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
 'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so.
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not
 'Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
 Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness
 Say this,—

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; for when did friendship
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who if he break, thou mayest with better
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

135. "A breed for barren metal"; the reading of the Folio
 "read of"; "for" must be equivalent to "in exchange for"; "b"
 "interest money bred from the principal" (cp. Gr. *τὸ κέρμα*).
 136. "Who"; from whom.—C. H. H.

would be friends with you, and have your love,
 or get the shames that you have stain'd me
 with, 140

apply your present wants, and take no do it
 of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear
 me:

this is kind I offer.

This were kindness.

This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 our single bond; and, in a merry sport,
 if you repay me not on such a day,
 in such a place, such sum or sums as are
 express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 be nominated for an equal pound 150
 of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 in what part of your body pleaseth me.

Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
 and say there is much kindness in the Jew.

You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
 I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months, that 's a month be-
 fore

this bond expires, I do expect return 159
 of thrice three times the value of this bond.

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
 whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
 the thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me
 this;

if he should break his day, what should I gain

156. "*dwell*"; that is, *continue*, or *abide*.—H. N. H.

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of mutton, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[*Exit Shylock*]

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exit Bassanio*]

176. "*fearful guard*" is a guard that is not to be trusted, but
cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel*.
—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

urish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

r. Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
 Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,

he old stage direction ran as follows:—"Enter Morochus a
ie Moore all in white, and three or four followers accordingly,
Portia, Nerissa and their trains."—I. G.

"shadow'd"; dusky.—C. H. H.

"let us make incision"; to understand how the tawny prince,
 se savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend him-
 by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a
 itionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened
 lers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to
live as white as milk; and an effeminate man is termed
op.—H. N. H.

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
 But if my father had not scanted me
 And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
 As any comer I have look'd on yet
 For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the cask
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
 I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-
 bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw

17. "scanted"; limited.—C. H. H.

25. "the Sophy," cp. "Soft, and Softo, an ancient word signifying a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is generally to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraham Hartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars between the Turks and the Persians*).—I. G.

The "Sefi of Persia" is mentioned in the German play *Dorota von Venedig*.—I. G.

32. "Lichas"; the attendant of Hercules. He was the usual bringer of the poisoned shirt by which Hercules perished.—C. H.

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Or. You must take your chance
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear before you choose, if you choose
 wrong, 40

Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Or. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
 chance.

Or. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Or. Good fortune then!
 To make me blest or curs'd'st among men.
 [*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to
 run from this Jew my master. The fiend
 is at mine elbow, and tempts me, say-

Ed. "page"; Theobald's emendation for "rage," the reading of all
 old editions.—I. G.

After Launcelot"; the old copies read,—Enter the Clown alone
 throughout the play this character is called the Clown at m
 us entrances or exits.—H. N. H.

ing to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving

13. "*for the heavens*" was merely a petty oath. To make a fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.—H. N. H.

20. "*smack*"; i. e. of knavery. "*Grow to*"; provincially used *burnt milk*, conveys a similar suggestion.—C. H. H.

our reverence, is the devil himself. Cer- 30
 ainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and,
 my conscience, my conscience is but a kind
 hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to
 y with the Jew. The fiend gives the
 re friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my
 els are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Master young man, you, I pray you,
 ich is the way to master Jew's?

[*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-be-
 tten father! who, being more than sand- 40
 nd, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I
 l try confusions with him.

Master young gentleman, I pray you,
 ich is the way to master Jew's?

Turn up on your right hand at the next
 rning, but, at the next turning of all, on
 ur left; marry, at the very next turning,
 rn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to
 e Jew's house.

By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to 50
 t. Can you tell me whether one Launce-
 t, that dwells with him, dwell with him or
 ?

. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

[*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the

God's sonties" was probably a corruption of God's *saints*, in
 guage *saunotes*. Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent
 our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swear-
 y sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, while
 ly lost even their similarity to the original phrase.—H. N.

waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your master ship.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and I thinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is deed deceased; or, as you would say in pler terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-

60. "*well to live*"; healthy, with a long life before him.—

64. "*Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir*"; so, in *Labor's Lost*, Costard says,—"*Your servant and Costard*." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by misapprehension of the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that *senior scruples* to give his son the title of master.—H. N.

staff or a prop? Do you know me,
 er?

Jack the day, I know you not, young
 tleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my

God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Do you not know me, father?

Jack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you
 ht fail of the knowing me: it is a wise 90

er that knows his own child. Well, old
 I, I will tell you news of your son: give
 your blessing: truth will come to light;
 der cannot be hid long; a man's son
 ; but, at the length, truth will out.

'ray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are
 Launcelot, my boy.

Pray you, let's have no more fooling
 at it, but give me your blessing: I am
 uncelot, your boy that was, your son that 100
 our child that shall be.

cannot think you are my son.

I know not what I shall think of that:

I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I
 sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be
 rn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine
 flesh and blood. Lord worshiped
 ht he be! what a beard hast thou got!

bbo's "you," as a mark of respect, changes to "thou,"
 recognition.—I. G.

thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted,

120. "*set up my rest*"; that is, determined. In *Romeo and Juliet* Act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest*. "The Count Paris hath *set up his rest*, that you shall *rest* but little."—H. N. H.

"*set up my rest*"; a common phrase from the game of prime where it was said of the player who, by laying his wager (Sp. *rest*) committed himself to a definite hazard.—C. H. H.

126. "*me*"; ethical dative.—C. H. H.

128. "*run as far*," etc.; to understand the appropriateness of the words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to round enough to run upon.—H. N. H.

That supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

1. To him, father.

God bless your worship!

2. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,— 140

1. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

1. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,— 150

1. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

I have here a dish of doves that I would

"frutify," for notify.—C. H. H.

"a dish of doves"; there has been no little speculation among our critics, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. Mr. Charles Town argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a f doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. If have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor bo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a ser

bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—
Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to
 myself, as your worship shall know by this
 honest old man; and, though I say it, though
 old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you
Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy
 Shylock thy master spoke with me this day
 And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferme
 To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
 The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted be-
 tween my master Shylock and you, sir; you
 have the grace of God, sir, and he has
 enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with
 son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire
 My lodging out. Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows': see it do.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, for
 I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well,

ant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes
 passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country
 hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not
 but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with
 travelers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor
 Italy.—H. N. H.

169. "The old proverb"; viz. "The grace of God is better
 riches."—C. H. H.

178. "Well if any man," etc.; Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains
 passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success
 in, and looking into the palm of his hand, which he
 200

VENICE

Act II. Sc. ii.

My man in Italy have a fairer table which
doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have 180
good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line
of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas,
fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and
nine maids is a simple coming-in for one
man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and
to be in peril of my life with the edge of a
feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well,
if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench
for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my
leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. 190

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*]

is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection:
"If any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer
ear upon a book, I shall have good fortune"—that is, a *table*
doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that*
I have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence."
N. H.

"Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball
of thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives.
These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall
(Saunders's *Chiromancie*, quoted by Halliwell).—I. G.
"with the edge of a feather-bed"; through marrying.—C.

"*simple scapes*"; Launcelot was an adept in the art of
nancy, which in his time had its learned professors and prac-
tisers no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have
died down to our day: well do we remember to have seen people
; to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands.
Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favored than they: in
was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Briefve intro-
duction, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the
art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Physiognomy: with
instances upon the faces of the Signes*. "A simple line of
written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than
; Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune,
laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to
well of himself.—H. N. H.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly
stow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with
you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gra-
tiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there thou
show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild be-
havior,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then

VENICE

Act II. Sc. iii.

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, 'amen;'

Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his grandam, never trust me more. 220

Well, we shall see your bearing.

Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well:

I have some business.

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:

But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:

Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:

216. "hood mine eyes"; it was anciently the custom to wear the hood on during the time of dinner.—H. N. H.

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
 Give him this letter; do it secretly;
 And so farewell: I would not have my father
 See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most
 beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Chris-
 tian did not play the knave, and get thee, I
 am much deceived. But, adieu: these fool-
 ish drops do something drown my manly
 spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot*]
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my father's child!
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

SCENE IV

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return
 All in an hour.

10. "*exhibit*"; a Launcelotism for "express" (what I would say with my tongue).—C. H. H.

12. "*did*"; the Quartos and first Folio read "*doe*"; the reading "*did*" was first given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, "*get*" "*beget*."—I. G.

VENICE

Act II. Sc. iv.

an. We have not made good preparation.

lar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

lan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

r. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

an. An it shall please you to break up this, it 10
shall seem to signify.

r. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

ra. Love-news, in faith.

an. By your leave, sir.

r. Whither goest thou?

an. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew
to sup to-night with my new master the
Christian.

r. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica 20
I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

lar. Aye, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

lan. And so will I.

r. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence,

lar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*]

"spoke us . . . of"; made arrangements for.—C. H. H.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be the
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I
could do nothing without bidding.

36. "*And never dare*"; spoken as a wish, *And may misfortune never dare*.—C. H. H.

37. "*she*"; i. e. misfortune.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act II. Sc. v.

Enter Jessica.

y. Call you? what is your will? 10

y. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

un. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach. 20

y. So do I his.

un. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

y. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, 30

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

i. "*Black-Monday*," i. e. Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold.—Stowe.

i. "*squealing of the wry-neck'd fife*"; one of the quartos and the folio have *squealing*: the other quarto has *squeaking*, which, though not so appropriate nor so well authorized, has been general

Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements.

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir, Mistress, look out
at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring?
ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing
else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge fee
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me,

retained in modern editions. There has been some dispute what *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell a passage from Barnabee Rich's *Aphorisms*, 1618, which apparently settles the matter: "*A fife* is a *wry-neck'd musician*, for he looks away from his instrument."—H. N. H.

37. "*Jacob's staff*"; cp. Gen. xxxii. and Heb. xi. 21. "*A staff*" was generally used in the sense of "a pilgrim's staff," and St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.—I. C.

44. "*A Jewess' eye*"; the Quartos and Folios read "*a Jew*" probably pronounced "*Jewels*"; "worth a Jew's eye" was a proverbial phrase: "that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death." The reading "*Jewess*" is very doubtful.—I. G.

The quibble in this case is one of the best that Launcelot has.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act II. Sc. vi.

Therefore I part with him; and part with him 50
 one that I would have him help to waste
 his borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
 perhaps I will return immediately.
 as I bid you; shut doors after you:
 first bind, fast find.
 proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
 Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 desired us to make stand.

His hour is almost past.

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
 or lovers ever run before the clock.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
 to seal love's bonds new-made, than they are
 wont

to keep obliged faith unforfeited!
 That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
 with that keen appetite that he sits down?

venus' pigeons"; Johnson thought that lovers, who are some-
 called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus'
 The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which
 chariot is drawn.—H. N. H.

to seal"; i. e. fly, bearing Venus on her way to seal, etc.—

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things
are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this
after.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my
abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves
wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's
in?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

VENICE

Act II. Sc. vi.

r. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

1. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

r. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

1. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscured.

r. So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,

And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

1. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some mo ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.* 50

a. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

r. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;

And true she is, as she hath proved herself;

1. "*by my hood*"; this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.—I. G.

'a Gentile'; a jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born*.—H. N. H.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salario]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[Exit]

SCENE VII

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves;'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
 hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

rr. The one of them contains my picture, prince,
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

or. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
 I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
 hath.'

Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for
 lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20
 I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
 And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
 May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afeared of my deserving
 Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding;
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying graved in gold
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many
 desire.'

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing statue.
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia:
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly
 picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere dam-
 nation

To think so base a thought; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

41. "*the Hyrcanian deserts*"; Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania, "the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian," where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.—I. G.

51. "*To rib her cerecloth*"; to enclose her shroud of waxed linen. C. H. H.

53. "*undervalued*" "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon). I. G.

O sinful thought. Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in
England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60
There, take it, prince; and if my form lie
there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

r. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

57. "*an angel stamped in gold*"; this is the angel referred to by Shalstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my
your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national
in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon
coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of De-
ad Intelligence*: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all
Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutch-
be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man,
ould answer, *ein English-man*. And such reason and considera-
may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure
fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well
used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of
dsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine pas-
in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
ANGEL by name; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land."—H. N. H.

t. "*carrion Death*"; fleshless skull.—C. H. H.

There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*]
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains,
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exit*]

69. "*tombs do*"; Johnson's emendation for the old reading "*do*."—I. G.

72. "*Your . . . inscroll'd.*" This is loosely expressed clearly means: "Such an answer as this had not been written far as you are concerned)."—C. H. H.

75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: "Farewell, frost," which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing.—I. G.

SCENE VIII

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the Duke was given to understand

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
ter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter,

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
ter!

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones, 20

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the
girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducat
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducat
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught:
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
 hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:
 Be merry; and employ your chiefest thought
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there.'

39. To "*slubber*" is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in *Fuller's Worthies of Yorkshire*: "Slightly *slubbing* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in *Song 91* Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*:

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
 And *slubbingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."

—H. N. Y.

F VENICE

Act II. Sc. ix.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
lar. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

lar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

er. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain
straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*ourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
Portia, and their trains.*

or. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

r. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as
deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt Arragon and trait*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choos

70. The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was not to marry any other woman.—H. N. H.

78. "Wrath" is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune*. Thus, in Chapman's Version of the 22d Iliad: "Born all to *woe* of woe and labor." So says the Chiswick. But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes *crike*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech the effect for the cause.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act II. Sc. ix.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
sume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear
honor

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much
honor

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves.' 50

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

∴ [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you
find there.

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"clear"; pure, blameless; a proleptic use, this being the result
of having been "purchased by the merit of the wearer."—
H.

'Who chooseth me shall have as much
deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better
Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and Portia*]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do ch

70. The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was to marry any other woman.—H. N. H.

78. "Wroth" is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune*. Thus, in Chapman's *Version of the 22d Iliad*: "Born all to of woe and labor." So says the Chiswick. But indeed the meaning of *wroth* is pain, grief, anger, anything that *writes*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of *spelling* the effect for the cause.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act II. Sc. ix.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose. 81
 The ancient saying is no heresy,
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
 Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

v. Where is my lady?

Here: what would my lord?

v. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that come before
 To signify the approaching of his lord;
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets, 89
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love:
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
 No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
 him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100
 Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.]

"my lord"; an humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is my
 So, in Richard II, Act. v. sc. 5, the Groom says to the
 "Hall, royal prince!" and he replies, "Thanks, noble peer."
 in 1 Henry IV, Act ii. sc. 4, the Hostess says to Prince
 "O Jesu! my lord, the prince"; and he replies, "How now,
 lady, the hostess!"—H. N. H.

the servant's following speech, with its unreserved flow of "high-
 wit," shows that these pleasant familiarities were the rule in
 his household.—C. H. H.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salario]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[Exit]

SCENE VII

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10
 Or. The one of them contains my picture, prince,
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

lor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
 I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20
 I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
 And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
 May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afeared of my deserving
 Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains,
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exit*]

69. "*tombs do*"; Johnson's emendation for the old reading "*time do*."—I. G.

72. "*Your . . . inscroll'd*." This is loosely expressed, and clearly means: "Such an answer as this had not been written (so far as you are concerned)."—C. H. H.

75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: "Farewell, frost," which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing.—I. G.

sinful thought. Never so rich a gem
as set in worse than gold. They have in
England
coin that bears the figure of an angel
stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
't here an angel in a golden bed
as all within. Deliver me the key:
ere do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60
There, take it, prince; and if my form lie
there,
then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

O hell! what have we here?
carrion Death, within whose empty eye

"*an angel stamped in gold*"; this is the angel referred to
aff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my
our ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national
Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon
is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of De-
stelligence*: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all
onic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutch-
asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man,
l answer, *ein English-man*. And such reason and considera-
have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure
gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well
ed before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of
orth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine pas-
one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
ANGEL by name; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land."—H. N. H.

carrion Death"; fleshless skull.—C. H. H.

There is a written scroll! I'll read the
ing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets*]
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt*]

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SCENE VIII

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

1. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
and in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
2. The villain Jew with outcries raised the
Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
3. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
but there the Duke was given to understand
that in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
they were not with Bassanio in his ship.
4. I never heard a passion so confused,
so strange, outrageous, and so variable,
as the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Stolen with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones, 20
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the
girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducal
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducal

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught:

I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
 hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:

Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thought
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there.'

39. To "slubber" is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire*: "Slightly slubbing it over, doing some thing for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 91 of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*:

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
 And slubberingly patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."

—H. N. F.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
lan. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.
lar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

er. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain
 straight:
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.
*Sound of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
 Portia, and their trains.*

or. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.
er. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
 First, never to unfold to any one 10
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life

'Who chooseth me shall have as much
deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better
Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do ch

70. The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was to marry any other woman.—H. N. H.

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VENICE

Act II. Sc. ix.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honorable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O, that estates, degrees and offices

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover that stand bare!

How many be commanded that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honor! and how much honor

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.' 50

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

r. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

1. "clear"; pure, blameless; a proleptic use, this being the result its having been "purchased by the merit of the wearer."—
I. H.

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as
deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices,
And of opposed natures.

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Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
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VENICE

Act II. Sc. ix.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose. 81
 v. The ancient saying is no heresy,
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
 r. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

v. Where is my lady?

Here: what would my lord?

v. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that come before
 To signify the approaching of his lord;
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets, 89
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

r. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
 him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100

r. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.]

"my lord"; an humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is my
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 "Hail, royal prince!" and he replies, "Thanks, noble peer."
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 idy, the hostess?"—H. N. H.

a servant's following speech, with its unreserved flow of "high-
 wit," shows that these pleasant familiarities were the rule in
 's household.—C. H. H.

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is

49. "a prodigal"; i. e. from Shylock's point of view.—C. H.

60. "hindered me," etc.; so in all the old copies. Modern editors generally encumber the passage by thrusting in of before.
H. N. H.

sinful thought. Never so rich a gem
 /as set in worse than gold. They have in
 England

coin that bears the figure of an angel
 stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
 ut here an angel in a golden bed
 lies all within. Deliver me the key:

[ere do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60
 There, take it, prince; and if my form lie
 there,

hen I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*

O hell! what have we here?

carriion Death, within whose empty eye

7. "*an angel stamped in gold*"; this is the angel referred to
 staff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my
 our ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national
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 worth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine pas-
 one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
 Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
 ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
 His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
 Than they appear to holy Gregory;
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
 For Them, and for their Land."—H. N. H.

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There is a written scroll! I'll read the
ing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains,
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exit*]

69. "*tombs do*"; Johnson's emendation for the old reading "*do*."—I. G.

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SCENE VIII

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail

But there the Duke was given to understand

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
ter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
ter!

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones, 20

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the
girl!

How to choose right, but I am then forsworn
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your
 eyes,

They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours
 And so all yours! O, these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
 To eke it and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love
 There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Aye, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'

22. To "*peize*" is from *peser*, Fr.; to weigh or balance. So *Richard III*: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow." the text it is used figuratively for to suspend, to retard, or delay the time.—H. N. H.

F VENICE

Act II. Sc. ix.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Clan. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.
Clan. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

er. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain
 straight:
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

*Sound of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
 Portia, and their trains.*

er. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.
er. I am enjoind by oath to observe three things:
 First, never to unfold to any one 10
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life

Live thou, I live: with much much more d
I view the fight than thou that makest the
*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the cask
himself.*

Song.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, b

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least
selves:

The world is still deceived with ornamen
In law, what plea so tainted and corrup
But, being season'd with a gracious voic
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober bro
Will bless it, and approve it with a text
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward par

63, 68. "*fancy*"; the Poet, in common with other writers
time, often uses *fancy* for *love*.—H. N. H.

66. "*Reply, reply*"; this appears as a marginal direction
the old copies.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act III. Sc. ii.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement

To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
Making them lightest that wear most of it:

Are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.

This ornament is but the guiled shore

Of a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Excrement," from *excreasco*, is used for everything which ap-
proach to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the
the nails.—H. N. H.

lowry of a second head"; the Poet has often expressed a
dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair.
Instances of this have already occurred. And his 68th Son-
net a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."—H. N. H.

Guiled" for *guiling*, that is, *beguiling*. The Poet often thus
uses a passive form with an active sense, and vice versa. In Act
of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden*.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Venice. A street

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

4. "narrow seas"; English Channel.—C. H. H.

10. "knapped ginger"; perhaps "to knap ginger" is to "ginger"; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave in his gives "knap" as a synonym of "gnaw" or "nibble."—A. G.

Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end
hath lost a ship.

would it might prove the end of his 20
s.

Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil
my prayer, for here he comes in the
ess of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

Now, Shylock! what news among the
hunts?

ou knew, none so well, none so well as
of my daughter's flight.

That's certain: I, for my part, knew
tailor that made the wings she flew 30
al.

And Shylock, for his own part, knew
bird was fledged; and then it is the com-
ion of them all to leave the dam.

he is damned for it.

That's certain, if the devil may be her
e.

y own flesh and blood to rebel!

Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at 40
years?

ay, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

There is more difference between thy
and hers than between jet and ivory;

between your bloods than there is be-
n red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do

hear whether Antonio have had any loss
or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is

49. "*a prodigal*"; i. e. from Shylock's point of view.—C. H. H.

60. "*hindered me*," etc.; so in all the old copies. Modern editors generally encumber the passage by thrusting in of before *we*.
I. N. H.

s humility? Revenge. If a Christian
 rong a Jew, what should his sufferance be
 r Christian example? Why, revenge.
 he villany you teach me, I will execute; 80
 nd it shall go hard but I will better the in-
 ruption.

Enter a Servant.

Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his
 use, and desires to speak with you both.
 . We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

. Here come another of the tribe: a third
 nnot be matched, unless the devil himself
 rn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*
 How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa?
 st thou found my daughter? 90

I often came where I did hear of her, but
 nnot find her.

Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond
 one, cost me two thousand ducats in Frank-
 rt! The curse never fell upon our na-
 on till now; I never felt it till now: two
 ousand ducats in that; and other precious,
 ecious jewels. I would my daughter
 ere dead at my foot, and the jewels in her
 r! would she were hearsed at my foot, and 100
 e ducats in her coffin! No news of them?
 Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in

*umility," rightly explained by Schmidt as "kindness, benevo-
 manity."—I. G.*

the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the t
gone with so much, and so much to find
thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge:
no i' luck stirring but what lights on
shoulders; no sighs but of my breathi
no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: An
nio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming fr
Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't t
is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors t
escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good ne
good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, a
heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I s
never see my gold again: fourscore du
at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's credi
in my company to Venice that swear he c
not choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague h
I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that
had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest

Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had i

133. The special value of the "turquoise" was its sup

ENICE

Act III. Sc. ii.

ah when I was a bachelor: I would not
 ve given it for a wilderness of monkeys.
 But Antonio is certainly undone.
 Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go,
 bal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fort-
 ght before. I will have the heart of him,
 he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I 140
 make what merchandise I will. Go, go,
 bal, and meet me at our synagogue; go,
 od Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

*er Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and
 Attendants.*

I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
 fore you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
 ose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
 ere's something tells me, but it is not love,
 ould not lose you; and you know yourself,
 ite counsels not in such a quality.

It lest you should not understand me well,—
 and yet a maiden hath no tongue but
 thought,—

ould detain you here some month or two 9
 fore you venture for me. I could teach you

ting the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or
 ts wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approach
 r.—I. G.

How to choose right, but I am then forsworn
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your
 eyes,

They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half your
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours
 And so all yours! O, these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.

I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
 To eke it and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass.

Let me choose

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love
Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love
 There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love

Por. Aye, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass.

'Confess,' and 'love'

22. To "peize" is from *peser*, Fr.; to weigh or balance. See
 Richard III: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow!"
 the text it is used figuratively for to suspend, to retard, or
 the time.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act III. Sc. ii.

Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them: 40
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
 stream,
 And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
 And what is music then? Then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch: such it is 50
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60

4. "*swan-like end*"; alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.—H. N. H.

4. "*more love*"; because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.—L. G.

Live thou, I live: with much much more dish
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fight

*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets
 himself.*

Song.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:

63, 68. "*fancy*"; the Poet, in common with other writers of time, often uses *fancy* for *love*.—H. N. H.

66. "*Reply, reply*"; this appears as a marginal direction in the old copies.—C. H. H.

ENICE

Act III. Sc. ii.

ow many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

s stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
the beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
and these assume but valor's excrement
to render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
and you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
making them lightest that wear most of it:
are those crisped snaky golden locks
which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,

upon supposed fairness, often known
to be the dowry of a second head,
the skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
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VENICE

Act III. Sc. ii.

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy; 111
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

ss.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
hairs 120

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how
far

2. "*rain*," the reading of the second Quarto, "*rein*," is generally
erred.—I. G.

5. "*Counterfeit*" anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*.
in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with
stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And
nlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,—"*The counter-*
presentment of two brothers."—H. N. H.

16. "*unfurnish'd*;" that is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow.
Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on deliv-
g Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

"You are a noble gentleman.

Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's

'The substance of my praise doth wrong
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune,

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title A Paire of Turtle Doves: "If Apelles had beene tasked to drawne her counterfeit, her two bright burning lampes would so dazzled his quick-seeing senses, that, quite despairing to ex- with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus furnished."—H. N. H.

131. "*continent*"; inventory or abstract; explicit statement.
H. H.

141. "*by note*"; in conformity with the scroll (as if this were a bill, specifying payments to be made or received).—C. H. H.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
such as I am: though for myself alone 151
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
to wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
a thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;
that only to stand high in your account,
to night in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
I exceed account; but the full sum of me
is sum of something, which, to term in gross, 160
is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
happy in this, she is not yet so old
that she may learn; happier than this,
she is not bred so dull but she can learn;
happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
commits itself to yours to be directed,
from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
is now converted: but now I was the lord
of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, 171
in this house, these servants, and this same my-
self,
I give yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
which when you part from, lose, or give away,
let it presage the ruin of your love,
and be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
and there is such confusion in my powers,
vantage"; opportunity.—C. H. H.

As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd and not express'd. But when the
 ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from
 hence:

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper
 To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady.

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For I am sure you can wish none from me:
 And when your honors mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
 You loved, I loved for intermission.
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
 For wooing here until I sweat again,

201. "for intermission"; if the punctuation is right, this can only mean that we (both) loved in order to avoid delay or loss of time. But Theobald's conjecture, "for intermission (i. e. inaction) No more pertains to me, my lord, than you," gives a clearer meaning and seems up better the symmetrical antitheses of the context.—C. H.

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Dr. Is this true, Nerissa? 210

Sr. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Nss. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

ra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Nss. Our feast shall be much honored in your
marriage.

ra. We'll play with them the first boy for a
thousand ducats.

er. What, and stake down?

ra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down. 220

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger
from Venice.*

Nss. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your
leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Dr. So do I, my lord:

They are entirely welcome.

Dr. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here; 230
But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antoni
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend d

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
come.

Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from V
ice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antoi

I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece,

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he
lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
paper,

That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek

Some dear friend dead; else nothing in
world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse
worse!

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anyth

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet P

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you,
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had
 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
 And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see 260
 How much I was a braggart. When I told
 you

My state was nothing, I should then have told
 you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
 I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
 Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one
 hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, 271
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
 And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

ler. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man:
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state, 280

0. "freedom"; the power of obtaining redress at law.—C. H.

If they deny him justice: twenty merchants
 The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him
 But none can drive him from the envious
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority and power deny not,
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man
 The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honor more appears
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
 First go with me to church and call me wife
 And then away to Venice to your friend;
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along

295. "unwearied"; most unwearied.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act III. Sc. iii.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime 311
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you
dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend.
s. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my
estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is
forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossi-
ble I should live, all debts are cleared be- 320
tween you and I, if I might but see you
at my death. Notwithstanding, use your
pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to
come, let not my letter.

O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
s. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Jailor.

Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Jailor, look to him.

Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause.
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,

Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have by bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[Exit]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have

: "commodity"; convenience, legal advantages. The subject

VENICE

Act III. Sc. iii.

With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of his state;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
 Well, jailor, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

["Impeach" is "the denial of commodity" expressed, in a Shakespearean way, by "the commodity, if it be denied."—C. H. H.]

1. "*Consisteth of all nations*"; for the due understanding of this usage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the *gens*, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the *res*. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to pervert the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Knight and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of*,—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

"The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
 For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Here *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach*. Which not only clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning.—H. N. H.

SCENE IV

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most
strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show the
honor,

How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste their time together
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd

9. *i. e.* Than ordinary acts of generosity can make you.—C. H. H.

12. "*waste*"; spend, pass.—C. H. H.

17. "*Lover*" was much used by Shakespeare and other writers of
his time for friend. His sonnets are full of examples in point.
I. N. H.

▶ VENICE

Act III. Sc. iv.

In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it; hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return: 30
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

or. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

or. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

or. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
you!

es. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

or. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Now, Balthasar,

As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter

And use thou all the endeavor of a man
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
 And, look, what notes and garments he
 give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
 Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
 words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of; we'll see our
 bands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any way
 When we are both accoutred like young men
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
 And speak between the change of man and
 boy

With a reed voice, and turn two mincing

52. "*imagined speed*"; that is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third act of *Henry V*: "Thou imagin'd wing our swift scene flies."—H. N. H.

54. "*trades*"; plies.—C. H. H.

56. "*convenient speed*"; the speed appropriate to the occasion.—C. H. H.

61. "*accomplished*"; furnished.—C. H. H.

into a manly stride, and speak of frays
like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint
lies,

How honorable ladies sought my love, 70
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;

could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
and wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them;

And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued
school

About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

Why, shall we turn to men?

Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80

But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

"quaint"; ingenious.—C. H. H.

"I could not do withal"; a phrase of the time, signifying *I not help it*. So, in the *Morte d' Arthur*: "None of them will all of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *not doe withall.*" And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not singing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot withal*; I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." In Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes*, quoted by Mr. Dyce: "*I cannot withall*, a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a is done."—H. N. H.

SCENE V

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

3. "*I fear you*"; that is, fear *for* you, on your account. So Richard III, Act i. sc. 1:

"The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians *fear* him mightily."—H. N. H.

5. "*agitation*"; i. e. cogitation.—C. H. H.

S. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian. 22

sun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. . This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

S. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes. 31

or. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

S. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 41

or. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

sun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an hon-

Ps. "one by another"; side by side, i. e. where they compete for a livelihood.—C. H. H.

est woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [*E*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suit
The fool hath planted in his memory

50. "*How every fool,*" etc.; a shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns and verbal tricks, in which he often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.—H. N.

73. "*The fool hath planted,*" etc.; probably an allusion to habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and

An army of good words; and I do know
 A many fools, that stand in better place,
 Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
 Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
 And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
 How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
B. Past all expressing. It is very meet 80
 The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
 For, having such a blessing in his lady,
 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
 And if on earth he do not mean it, then
 In reason he should never come to heaven.
 Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
 match
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And Portia one, there must be something else
 Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
 Hath not her fellow. 90

or. Even such a husband
 Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
ss. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
or. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

s state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely
 wished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to
 cure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the prac-
 tice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.—H. N. H.
It. "*And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason*"; the
 and Quarto "*it, it*"; the Folios "*it, it is*."—I. G.
 Various emendations have been suggested for "*mean*," but no
 change is necessary—"mean"="aim at." A kind correspondent, Mr.
 W. Orson, calls attention to Herbert's use of the word in *The*
Arch Porch (E. Stock's reprint of the first edition) "Shoots
 her much than he than *means* a tree" (p. 12), and "Scorns his
 bed of dirt, and *means* the sky" (p. 163).—I. G.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach
ach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other
things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exit*]

94. "*stomach*"; inclination, mind (with a play, as usual, upon
ordinary sense).—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands ob-
durate,

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

8. "dram"; minute quantity, "drop," "grain."—C. H. H.

10. "Envy" in this place means hatred or malice; a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English ought to know.—H. N. H.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more
strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, new
train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

20. "*Remorse*" in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity*, *tenderness*; the *relentings* of compassion.—H. N. H.

22. "*where*"; whereas.—H. N. H.

24. "*loose*"; so in the old copies, but generally printed *loss*. *Loose* is plainly used in the sense of *release*.—H. N. H.

26. "*moiety*"; a part (not necessarily a half).—C. H. H.

29. "*royal merchant*"; this epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi. The "*princely merchants of Boston*" are well known in our time.—H. N. H.

I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
 and by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 to have the due and forfeit of my bond:
 if you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40
 A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
 But, say, it is my humor: is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd
 yet?

'Our holy Sabbath'; so the first Quarto; the second reads *'th'*; it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been mis- the expression, "Lord God of Sabaoth," which occurs in the Testament. "Sabbath" and "Sabaoth" (i. e. "hosts," in the "Lord of hosts") were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, in *Ivanhoe*, ch. x. he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (*F. Q.* viii. 2):—

"But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight."

Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition *Dictionary*.—I. G.

'the due and forfeit'; the forfeit which is due.—C. H. H.

'your charter'; Shakespeare attributes to Venice the status of glish city, deriving its privileges from a charter granted and to be revoked by the king.—C. H. H.

'I'll not answer that'; the Jew, being asked a question which does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and s; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.—H. N. H.

'humor'; in Shakespeare's time the word *humor* was used, as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric e of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground son or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an lual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

conditions of our social being, it was his *humor*. *Corporal* is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams*:

"Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?

It is his humor, by the Lord, heele sweare."—H. N. H.

47. "*gaping pig*"; a pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to the animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*: "And they stand gaping like a roasted pig." And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennylesse*: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's mind. Some will take on like a madman if they see a pig come to the table."—H. N. H.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig"; this was proverbially said of the Jews themselves, though not of them exclusively. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iii. 2. 255:—

He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping:

I thought your grace would find him a Jew.—C. H. H.

50. "*affection, Mistress of passion*"; the Quartos and Folios read "*affection. Master of passion.*" The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; "*Maistres*" or "*mastres*," the spelling of "*mistress*" evidently produced the error. "*Affection*" when contrasted with "*passion*," seems to denote "*emotions produced through the senses by external objects.*"—I. G.

This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Masters of passion sways it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *and*, and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bag-pipe, cannot contain their urine."

VENICE

Act IV. Sc. i.

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
answer,

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loath-
ing

60

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
s. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
I am not bound to please thee with my an-
swer.

s. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general
iple." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say,
asters of passion sway it to the mood of what it likes or
s"; for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or
, they can scarce be said to be its *masters*, or to *sway* it at all.
difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways*,
he second *it* refer to *affection*. All which may be deemed rea-
nough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to
the final *s* out of *sways*; and there seems no reason but that
y as well be left out of *masters*. Of course *affection* is here
for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency.—H. N. H.
"a woollen bag-pipe"; the reading of all the old editions;
ling," "swollen," "bollen," have been variously suggested;
llen" probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.—I. G.
was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instru-
The old copies read *woollen*, the conjectural reading *swollen*
proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.—H. N. H.

1. Hates any man the thing he would not be.
 2. Every offense is not a hate at first.

1. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
 twice?

2. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretten with the gusts of
 heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that—than which what's
 harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

2. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

1. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond
 kept. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
 none?

1. What judgment shall I dread, doing
 wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave

"fretten"; so in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretten*.
m is apparently an old form of the word.—H. N. H.
'conveniency'; expedition.—C. H. H.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and
mules, 91

you use in abject and in slavish parts,
because you bought them: shall I say to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
be season'd with such viands? You will an-
swer

'The slaves are ours;' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law! 101
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
Stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
If. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

My lord, here stays without
messenger with letters from the doctor,
Now come from Padua.

Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110
Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
all,

*'to determine this'; i. e. to act not merely as advocate, but
judge in the cause. The procedure here indicated, by which the
appointed magistrate could freely delegate the decision of a
case to an independent jurisconsult chosen by himself, had of course
no parallel in the England of Shakespeare. But it seems still to
have been in use in Spain (Doyle, quoted by Furness, Var. ed. p. 408).
Shakespeare was simply following the novel.—C. H. H.*

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets you

Grace. [*Presenting a letter*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
 there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew!

Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers persuade thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to use.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accused.

123. "*sole . . . soul*"; the two words were still (till 1650) distinguishable to the ear, the vowel of *soul* being as a diphthong (*ou*), that of *o* as a single sound.—C. H. H.

126. "*envy*"; malice. See note to l. 10 of this scene. This usage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 4:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life."—H. N. H.

128. "*execrable*"; the quartos and first folio all read *inexcusable* which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on the ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving the sense of *most execrable*.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act IV. Sc. i.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith, 130
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvis, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 141
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

he. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

he. With all my heart. Some three or four of
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

rk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand 150
that at the receipt of your letter I am very
sick: but in the instant that your messenger
came, in loving visitation was with me a

1. "*who, . . . slaughter*"; this is a sort of nominative absolute subject of *fleet* being "his soul." Animals, both wild and, were on the Continent still regarded as quasi-legal subjects and executed.—C. H. H.

young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Aye, so he says.

Or. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Or. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Ant. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Or. The quality of mercy is not strain'd, 190

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;

His scepter shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, 200

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

183. To "*impugn*" is to oppose, to controvert.—H. N. H.

184. "*within his danger*"; Richardson says,—“In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty*, *damages*, *compensation*. Thus,—‘Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere*’; that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also,—‘*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.’ And in R. Brunne,—‘All was in the *de’s dangere*.’ And again,—‘He was never wedded to woman’s *anger*’; that is, woman’s dangerous power.” Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis*: “Come not within *his danger* by your will.”—H. N. H.

190. Cp. “*Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds rain in the time of drought*,” *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20.—I. G.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to re-
der

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus many
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court
Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,

207. "*And that same prayer*"; "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says the Chiswick editor, following Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "For give thy neighbor the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."—H. N. H.

220. "*truth*"; that is, honesty. A true man in old language is an honest man. We now call the jury good men and true.—H. N. B.

and curb this cruel devil of his will.

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
to alter a decree established:

It will be recorded for a precedent,
and many an error, by the same example,
will rush into the state: it cannot be.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
wise young judge, how I do honor thee! 230

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Why, this bond is forfeit;

and lawfully by this the Jew may claim

a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful: 240

take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

you know the law, your exposition

is most sound: I charge you by the
law,

whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear

there is no power in the tongue of man

to alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Most heartily I do beseech the court 250

to give the judgment.

Why then, thus it is

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

conditions of our social being, it was his *humor*. Corporal N. is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams*:

"Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?

It is his humor, by the Lord, heele sweare."—H. N. H.

47. "*gaping pig*"; a pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to the animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*: "And they stand gaping like a roasted pig." And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennylesse*: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's mind. Some will take on like a madman if they see a pig come to the table."—H. N. H.

"*Some men there are love not a gaping pig*"; this was proverbially said of the Jews themselves, though not of them exclusively. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iii. 2. 255:—

He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping:

I thought your grace would find him a Jew.—C. H. H.

50. "*affection, Mistress of passion*"; the Quartos and Folios read "*affection. Master of passion.*" The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; "*Maistres*" or "*mastres*," the spelling of "*mistress*" evidently produced the error. "*Affection*" when contrasted with "*passion*," seems to denote "*emotions produced through the senses by external objects.*"—I. G.

This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In old copies it is printed thus:

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Masters of passion sways it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine* and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bag-pipe, cannot contain their urine."

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
answer,

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love

and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say "Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what it likes or loathes"; for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters*, or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sway* and the second *it* refer to *affection*. All which may be deemed reasonable enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways*; and there seems no reason but that it may as well be left out of *masters*. Of course *affection* is here used for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency.—H. N.

56. "*a woollen bag-pipe*"; the reading of all the old editions "wawling," "swollen," "bollen," have been variously suggested. "*woollen*" probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.—I. G.

It was usual to cover with *woollen* cloth the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen*, the conjectural reading now proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.—H. N. H.

Had been her husband rather than a Christian.

[Aside]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Com-
pare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood.

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of
flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and
goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned
judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou de-
sirest.

nunciation usual to the theater, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabbas*
throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.—H. N. H.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and
mules, 91

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will an-
swer

'The slaves are ours;' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
'Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law! 101
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
ke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

er. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

ke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110

ss. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
all,

6. "*to determine this*"; i. e. to act not merely as advocate, but
udge in the cause. The procedure here indicated, by which the
e-appointed magistrate could freely delegate the decision of a
to an independent jurisconsult chosen by himself, had of course
parallel in the England of Shakespeare. But it seems still to
all in Spain (Doyle, quoted by Furness, Var. ed. p. 406)
speare was simply following the novel.—C. H. H.

I'll stay no longer question.

Por.

Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state;
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

369. "*predicament*"; condition.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act IV. Sc. i.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith, 130
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
[Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvis, bloody, starved and ravenous.

. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 141
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

se. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

se. With all my heart. Some three or four of
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

k. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand 150
that at the receipt of your letter I am very
sick: but in the instant that your messenger
came, in loving visitation was with me a

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As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loath-
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60

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Ass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

My. I am not bound to please thee with my an-
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Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not
Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting
twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of
heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what
harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech
Make no more offers, use no farther means
But with all brief and plain expediency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his way

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat
I would not draw them; I would have my

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, render
none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doin
wrong?

You have among you many a purchased

77. "*fretten*"; so in both the quartos, but usually printed
Fretten is apparently an old form of the word.—H. N. H.

82. "*conveniency*"; expedition.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act IV. Sc. 1.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and
mules, 91

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will an-
swer

The slaves are ours;' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law! 101
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
He. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

r. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

He. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110
r. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
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exist in Spain (Doyle, quoted by Furness, Var. ed. p. 406).
The scene was simply following the novel.—C. H. H.*

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

32. "*For happy wedlock hours*"; one of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedding happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to Him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine*. A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:

"But there are *crosses*, wife: here's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and the third
At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a Pater-noster."—H. N. H.

Enter Launcelot.

m. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

r. Who calls?

40

m. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo.

Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

r. Leave hollaing, man: here.

m. Sola! where? where?

r. Here.

m. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

r. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in? 50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
hold'st 60

"in"; into.—C. H. H.

"touches"; notes (evoked by the touch of the musician); so in
—C. H. H.

"patines"; a small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first and one of the quartos read *pattens*: the second folio reads *rens*, which Collier strangely adopts, thus taking a poor author for a worse reading.—H. N. H.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

61, &c. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth *De Republica*, where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, and represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (*Du B. The Wreath*, p. 60, quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine is, however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The moon stars sang together."

62. "quiring"; singing in concert.—C. H. H.

63. "*Such harmony*"; a passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*: "Touching musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature hath in it harmony." The Book containing this came out in 1594 so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare.—Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres,"—an ancient mystery which taught that heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so harmonious, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with the idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turn of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception.—H. N. H.

The germ of this conception is due to Plato, who imagined eight planetary spheres to be occupied by singing sirens, whose voices formed a perfect diapason. "Upon each of the spheres (*κόλα*) is a siren, who is borne round with the sphere, uttering a single note, and the eight notes compose a single harmony" (*Rep.* bk. x. p. 10). But Shakespeare attributes song not to the "spheres" in which planets were set, nor even only the planets, but to all the *stars* of the firmament.—C. H. H.

Ed. "close it in"; Quarto 1 and Folios read "in it," which have taken as equivalent to "close-in it."

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
 loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and
 floods; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

"the poet"; probably Ovid, who tells the story in the *Metamorphoses*, a book peculiarly familiar to Shakespeare.—C. H. H.

"The man that hath no music in himself"; Steevens pounced unmercifully upon the poor Poet for this piece of "fine art," and Douce very charitably stepped to his defense. Of both had the best of the argument. "The solemn stupidity," which the dispute was carried on, is funny enough; otherwise not of the slightest consequence.—H. N. H.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to re-
der

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court
Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,

207. "*And that same prayer*"; "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says the Chiswick editor, following Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "For give thy neighbor the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."—H. N. H.

220. "*truth*"; that is, honesty. A true man in old language is a just man. We now call the jury good men and true.—H. N. H.

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:

Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee! 230

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful: 240

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the
law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Most heartily I do beseech the court 250

To give the judgment.

Why then, thus it is

And never be Bassanio so for me:

But God sort all! You are welcome home,
lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to
friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him.
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you
me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave.

141. "*breathing courtesy*"; this complimentary form, made only of breath, that is, words.—H. N. H.

150. "*Love me*," etc.; knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. The *posy*, or motto of a ring was of course the motto.—H. N. H.

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
answer,

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loath-
ing

60

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Ans. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

My. I am not bound to please thee with my an-
swer.

Ans. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

He then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say, "Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what it likes or loathes"; for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters*, or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways*, and the second *it* refer to *affection*. All which may be deemed reasonable enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways*; and there seems no reason but that *sway* as well be left out of *masters*. Of course *affection* is here added for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency.—H. N. H. "a woollen bag-pipe"; the reading of all the old editions; "ting," "swollen," "bollen," have been variously suggested; "len" probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.—I. G. was usual to cover with woollen cloth the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen*, the conjectural reading *swollen* proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.—H. N. H.

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
 twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretten with the gusts of
 heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that—than which what
 harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my boy

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
 none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing
 wrong?

You have among you many a purchased sla

77. "*fretten*"; so in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretten*.
fretten is apparently an old form of the word.—H. N. H.
 82. "*conveniency*"; expedition.—C. H. H.

VENICE

Act V. Sc. i.

When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

r. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
ss. No, by my honor, madam, by my soul, 210
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

1. "*Contain*" was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So, in
m's Essays: "To *containe* anger from mischief, though it
hold of a man, there be two things."—H. N. H.

2. A "*civil doctor*" was a doctor of the Civil Law.—H. N. H.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets you,
 Grace. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
 there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metals
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce
 thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!
 And for thy life let justice be accused.

123. "*sole . . . soul*"; the two words were still (till about 1650) distinguishable to the ear, the vowel of *soul* being here as a diphthong (*ou*), that of *o* as a single sound.—C. H. H.

126. "*envy*"; malice. See note to l. 10 of this scene. This usage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 4:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life."—H. N. H.

128. "*inexecrable*"; the quartos and first folio all read *inexecrable*, which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on the ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving the sense of *most execrable*.—H. N. H.

VENICE

Act IV. Sc. i.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith, 130
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human
 slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolvisish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
 bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 141
 To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

e. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court.
 Where is he?

He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit
 him.

e. With all my heart. Some three or four of
 you

To give him courteous conduct to this place.
 Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

t. [reads] Your Grace shall understand 150
 That at the receipt of your letter I am very
 Sick: but in the instant that your messenger
 Came, in loving visitation was with me a

"who, . . . slaughter"; this is a sort of nominative absolute subject of *flee* being "his soul." Animals, both wild and were on the Continent still regarded as quasi-legal subjects and executed.—C. H. H.

young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 17

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand for

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy.

Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow

ENICE

Act V. Sc. i.

were the day come, I should wish it dark,
at I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
ll, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt.]

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABODE**, delay; II. vi. 21.
ABRIDGED; "to be a," i. e. "at being a."; I. i. 126.
ADDRESS'D ME, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
ADVICE, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
ADVISED, cautious, heedful; I. i. 142.
ADVISEDLY, intentionally; V. i. 253.
AFFECTION, feeling; II. viii. 48.
APPROVE, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
ARGOSIES, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
ATTEMPT, tempt; IV. i. 433.
ATTENDED, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.
BANED, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
BARE, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
BATED, reduced; III. iii. 32.
BEHOLDING, beholden; I. iii. 106.
BEST-REGARDED, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
BLENT, blended; III. ii. 183.
BLEST, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
BONNET, head-gear; I. ii. 87.
BOTTOM, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
BREAK UP, break open; II. iv. 10.
BREATHING, verbal; V. i. 141.
BURIAL, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 266.
CATER-COUSINS, rem good friends; "a i. e. "are not gr II. ii. 150.
CERECLOTH, a clot melted wax to l shroud; II. vii. 51.
CEREMONY, sacred 206.
CHARGE; "on your your expense; IV
CHEER, countenance 314.
CHILDHOOD PROOF, proof; I. i. 144.
CHOOSE, "let it alone
CIRCUMSTANCE, circu i. 154.
CIVIL DOCTOR, doctor V. i. 210.
CIVILITY, civilization
CLOSE, secret; II. vi
COMMANDMENT (in Folios "commandé ly to be pronounce risyllable); IV. i.
COMMENDS, comme ix. 90.
COMPLEXION, nature
COMPROMISED, (had mutual agreement
CONFOUND, destroy;
CONFUSIONS; Launch for "conclusions"
CONSTANT, self-poss 250.
CONTAIN, retain;

, that which contains
; III. ii. 131.
wrong; I. ii. 112.
conspire; IV. i. 364.
ite; IV. i. 424.
rt, likeness; III. ii.

unt; I. ii. 52.
isman; III. iv. 50.
r hats; II. ix. 44.
(the reading of the
the Folios read "end-
eyond cure; IV. i.

absolute power (to
IV. i. 184.
leath's head; II. vii.

ancel, destroy; III. ii.

, dispute; IV. i. 174.
crippled; I. i. 123.
undervaluing; II. vii.

reveal; II. vii. 1.
all coin; I. iii. 141.
mute; IV. i. 384.
ie value of the Vene-
r ducat was about that
merican dollar; I. iii.

lambs just born; I. iii.

, maintain; I. i. 90.
ivalent; I. iii. 150.
ite; III. ii. 239.
erest; I. iii. 63.
r, hair; "valour's ex."
brave man's beard";
7.
in the eye of honor";
thin the sight of h.";
the scope of honour's
I. 137.

FAIRNESS, beauty; III. ii. 94.
FAITHLESS, unbelieving; II. iv. 38.
FALL, let fall; I. iii. 89.
FALLS, falls out; III. ii. 204.
FANCY, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
FEAR'D, frightened; II. i. 9.
FEARFUL, filling one with fear; I.
iii. 176.

FIFE; "wry-necked f.," a small
flute, called *flute à bec*, the up-
per part or mouthpiece resem-
bling the beak of a bird, hence
the epithet "wry-necked"; ac-
cording to others "fife" here
means the musician, *op.* "A
fife is a wry-neckt musician,
for he always looks away from
his instrument" (Barnaby
Riche's *Aphorisms*, 1616); II.
v. 31.

FILL-HORSE, shaft-horse; II. ii.
111.

FIND FORTH, find out, seek; I. i.
143.

FLOOD, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV.
i. 72.

FOND, foolish; II. ix. 27.

FOOT, spurn with the foot; I. iii.
119.

FOOT, path; II. iv. 36.

FOOTING, footfall; V. i. 24.

FOR, of; III. iv. 10.

FRAUGHT, freighted; II. viii. 30.

FRETEN, fretted; IV. i. 77.

GABERDINE, a large loose cloak of
coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.

GAGED, pledged; I. i. 130.

GAPING PIG, a roast pig with a
lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.

GARNISH, apparel; II. vi. 45.

GEAR; "for this g." i. e. for this
matter, business: "a colloquial
expression perhaps of no very
determinate import"; I. i. 110
II. ii. 189.

Glossary

- GILT**, mutilated; V. i. 144.
GRATIFY, reward; IV. i. 418.
GROSS; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 160.
GUARD, guardianship; I. iii. 176.
GUARDED, ornamented; II. ii. 175.
GUILED, full of guile, treacherous; III. ii. 97.
- HABIT**, behavior; II. ii. 213.
HEAVENS; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 13.
HEAVINESS, sadness; "his embraced h."; the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
HIGH-DAY, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
HIP; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 47.
HOVEL-POST, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 80.
HUSBANDRY, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.
- IMAGINED**, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.
IMPOSITION, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 121.
INCARNAL; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 31.
INEXECRABLE, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.
INSCULP'D, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.
- JACKS**, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.
JUMP WITH, agree with; II. ix. 32.

THE MEE

- KEPT**, lived; III. iii.
KNAPPED, broke into (or "nibbled"); I.
- LEVEL**, aim; I. ii. 4.
LIBERAL, free; II. i.
LICHAS, the servant who brought the poisoned robe (c. ix. 155); II. i. 32.
LIVINGS, estates; I.
Low, humble; I. iii.
- MANAGE**, management 25.
MELANCHOLY RAIT, melancholy; I. i. 101.
MERE, certain, unquestioned; II. 265.
MIND; "have in mind"; I. i. 71.
MIND OF LOVE, love; viii. 42.
MUTUAL, general, common 77.
- NARROW SEAS**, English; III. i. 4.
NAUGHTY, wicked; I.
NAZARITE, Nazarene.
NEAT, ox; I. i. 112.
NESTOR, the oldest; taken as the type; I. i. 56.
NOMINATED, stated;
Now . . . now, . . . at the next
- OBLIGED**, pledged; I.
OCCASION; "quarrel"; i. e. "at odds with"; in question, turn of phrase without reason 62.
O'ER-LOOK'D, bewitched 15.

114; with; II. iv.

est; IV. i. 140.

tensively), abun-
IV. ii. 15.

putation for; I. i.

nor; II. ii. 219.

I. i. 54.

it-stays; II. vi. 3.

without doubt; I.

55.

n their names over;

n, weather-beaten;

ns; I. i. 11.

I. ii. 208.

functions; IV. i.

y; II. viii. 12.

simpleton, jester;

"patine" is the
in the Eucharist;
bright gold" seems
e orbs of heaven,"
(1) the planets, or
rs; possibly, how-
ference is to "the
ls, like flaky disks
gold which slowly
the heavens"; V.

h, keep in suspense,
ii. 22.

porch with a slop-
vi. 1.

I. iii. 80.

nice; III. ii. 283.

uainted, informed;

; II. ix. 100.

o inscribed on the
f a ring; V. i. 148.

POWER, authority; IV. i. 104.

PREFERR'D, recommended; II. ii.
166.

PRESENTLY, immediately; I. i. 183.

PREST, prepared; I. i. 160.

PREVENTED, anticipated; I. i. 61.

PROPER, handsome; I. ii. 83.

PUBLICAN, an allusion perhaps to
the parable of the Pharisee and
the publican (St. Luke xviii.
10-14); I. iii. 42.

QUAINTLY, gracefully; II. iv. 6.

QUESTION, are disputing, arguing;
IV. i. 70.

QUIT, remit; IV. i. 393.

RAISED, roused; II. viii. 4.

REASON'D, had a conversation; II.
viii. 27.

REGREETS, greetings; II. ix. 89.

REMORSE, compassion; IV. i. 20.

REPENT, regret; IV. i. 287, 288.

REPROACH, Launcelot's blunder
for "approach"; II. v. 20.

RESPECT, proper attention (or
perhaps "respect to circum-
stances"); V. i. 99.

RESPECT UPON; "you have too
much r. u.," i. e. "you look too
much upon"; I. i. 74.

RESPECTIVE, mindful; V. i. 156.

REST; "set up my rest," made up
my mind (a phrase probably
derived from the game of
Primero; *resto* meant to bet or
wager, which appears to have
been made by the players
only); II. ii. 120.

RIALTO; "The Rialto, which is at
the farthest side of the bridge
as you come from St. Mark's,
is a most stately building, be-
ing the Exchange of Venice,
where the Venetian gentlemen
and merchants do meet twice

Glossary

- day. . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Creditices* (1611).
- RIB, enclose; II. vii. 51.
- RIPE, urgent; I. iii. 64.
- RIPING, ripening; II. viii. 40.
- ROAD, port; harbor; V. i. 288.
- SAD, grave; II. ii. 219.
- SAND-BLIND, half-blind; II. ii. 40.
- SCANT, moderate; III. ii. 112.
- SCANTED, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.
- SCARFED, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.
- SCRUBBED, small, ill-favored, scrubby; v. i. 162.
- SELF, self-same; I. i. 148.
- SENSE; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.
- SENSIBLE, evident to the senses, substantial; II. ix. 89; sensitive; II. viii. 48.
- SHOULD, would; I. ii. 107, 108.
- SHOWS, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.
- SHREWD, bad, evil; III. ii. 246.
- SHRIVE ME, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 152.
- SIBYLLA, a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* xv.).
- SINGLE; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of suret

THE ME

SLURBER, "to slur 39.

SMUG, neat; III. i. So, provided that; SOLA, SOLA; "Lan ing the horn of post"; V. i. 39.

SOMETHING, some SONTIES; "by God God's dear sai "saunties," a di II. ii. 50.

SOON AT, about; I SORE, sorely; V. i SORT, dispose; V. SORT, lottery; I. ii SPEND, waste; I. i SQUANDERED, scatt STEAD, help; I. iii STILL, continually 136.

STRAIGHT, straight STRANGE; "excee quite strangers; STROND, strand; I SUBSTANCE, (?) 339.

SUITED, apparelled SUPPOSED, spurious 94.

SUPPOSITION, the s jecture; I. iii. 1

TABLE, palm of th 179.

THINK, bethink; I THRIFT, success, g i. 175; profits; I TIME, "springtime manhood"; I. i.

TRANECT (so the Folios), probabl Fr. traject (It. ferrie' (so g grave); it is,

NICE

Glossary

it in Italian *traverse*
draw or drag.
miles from Padua, on
Brenta, there is a
nuice to prevent the
hat river from mix-
that of the marshes

Here the passage-
own out of the river,
over the dam by a
om hence to Venice
nce is five miles.
ome novel-writer of
e's time might have
dam by the name
" (Malone); III. iv.

ky; III. v. 76.
ipoli, the most east-
Barbary States, the
etween Europe and
frica; I. iii. 19.
; I. i. 185.
urish on a trumpet;

a, inferior; I. i. 165.

UNFURNISH'D, unmatched with
the other, destitute of its fel-
low; III. ii. 126.

UNTREAD, retrace; II. vi. 10.

USANCE, usury, interest; I. iii. 46.

USE; "in use," i. e. (probably)
"in trust" (i. e. in trust for
Shylock during his life, for the
purpose of securing it at his
death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 395.

VAILING, bending; I. i. 28.

VARNISH'D, painted; II. v. 34.

VASTY, vast; II. vii. 41.

VERY, true, real; III. ii. 226.

VIRTUE, efficacy; V. i. 199.

WAPT, wafted; V. i. 11.

WEALTH, welfare; V. i. 249.

WEATHER, storms; II. ix. 29.

WHERE, whereas; IV. i. 22.

WHILE, time; II. i. 31.

WILFUL STILLNESS, dogged si-
lence; I. i. 90.

YOUNKER, young man, youth; II.
vi. 14.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By ANNE THROOP CRAIG

GENERAL

1. To what sources may the play be referred?
2. Tell the story from the *Gesta*, of the merchant and his bond.
3. What is the main theme? What are the plot lines and how do they interact?
4. What character purpose does Jessica serve, and what relation to the Semitic question in the theme?
5. Who is the important individual character?
6. Around whom does the main dramatic incident center?
7. Criticize Antonio's attitude towards Shylock as avowed by himself and described by Shylock.
8. Where does Antonio give a specific reason for Shylock's hatred of him?
9. What is the fundamental spring of Shylock's expression of malice and general character? Explain representation.
10. Of what is his final defeat a type?
11. What principles does the theme express? What constitutes the unity of the theme?
12. Describe the impressive characteristics of the principal persons of the drama.
13. Characterize the emotion of Shylock when he speaks at last,—“I am content.”

ACT I

14. What are the relative positions of Antonio and Shylock?

SHYLOCK OF VENICE

Study Questions

What does Nerissa describe Bassanio?

What dramatic impression is attained by Antonio's depression?

What is said of the usury of the Jews in Venice, as of history?

What does Shylock speak, aside, of Antonio? How does he show his resentful feelings?

What bond does he exact from Antonio? What does he make concerning it?

What does Antonio interpret the Jew's terms? How

What does Portia express herself over the terms her father made for her choice of a husband?

What does she describe her several suitors?

ACT II

What terms does the Prince of Morocco command himself to Portia?

What is Launcelot's testimony to the character and Shylock?

What is the mention of the "dish of doves" a necessary—in combination with other touches of local color at Shakespeare visited Italy, any more than the scenes of his plays? Is such literal personal experience necessary to an imaginative mind?

What impression does the group of gay young men make, especially by contrast with his other Antonio?

What does Launcelot's devotion to Jessica show of her as contrasted with her father's?

How does Jessica concoct the plan herself by which she escapes from her father's house? What commands Shylock give to Jessica when he leaves her in the

Have we given any reason to suppose that Lorenzo is first in earnest in his love-making to Jessica? How does he seem to awaken him to her merits more decidedly?

Study Questions

THE MERCH

30. How does the choice of the Prince of Morocco close his character and mind?

31. What explains the reference to an "angel st in gold" in the Prince of Morocco's lines?

32. How does Portia express her feelings whe Prince of Morocco has taken his leave?

33. How does Salanio's account of Shylock's u over Jessica's departure throw additional light o Jew's character? What is Salanio's foreboding on nio's account, because of the Jew's wrath over his d ter's elopement?

34. What light on the affection of Bassanio and nio does the conversation of Salanio and Salarino thr

35. How does the Prince of Arragon choose? W characteristic in his expression of choice? What is tia's comment when he leaves?

36. Whom does Nerissa wish may be the new suit her lady, when one is announced, following the Pri Arragon? What is the dramatic value of the sei praise when he announces the coming of this new sui

ACT III

37. Trace the development of incident in this ac

38. What is the import of the first scene?

39. What phase of Shylock's nature does his t Salarino present?—What phase, the following p with Tubal?

40. What is the feeling of Portia when it come sanio's turn to choose among the caskets? Descri passage, entire,—the sentiment and dramatic mood o

41. What cast of mind does Bassanio's choice re him, judging from the reflections that lead him to it

42. What does Bassanio mean by his phrases i 124-126, scene ii?

43. How do Portia's lines in this scene, especially *Bassanio has made his successful choice, present ture?*

VENICE

Study Questions

What is the dramatic effect of bringing all the pairs together in this scene?

What does Jessica relate of her father to make plain pity and resentment towards Antonio, in the scene Bassanio receives the ill news from the latter?

How does Bassanio characterize Antonio?

How does Lorenzo speak of Antonio?

What is the plan of Portia to save the situation of Antonio and his friend?

Where does Lorenzo express the real pettiness of winning trick and strained wit-snapping of Shylock's time?

What is the service of the final scene? What does Portia say of Portia?

ACT IV

What is the demeanor of Antonio throughout the Scene?

What do Bassanio and the Duke say to try to induce Shylock to relent? What is Gratiano's part in the scene?

Describe the stand taken by Shylock.

Characterize the addresses of Portia in behalf of Antonio. Follow the development of her pleadings to its source, and explain in what ways it demonstrates Antonio's way of reasoning.

How is the situation resolved?

What purpose is apparently in Portia's mind when she asks for Bassanio's ring as token?

ACT V

What is the distinctive quality of the opening passage?

What is its effect upon the atmosphere of the whole?

With what poetic theory do the lines from 60 to 63, correspond?

Study Questions

MERCHANT OF VENICE

59. How is the atmosphere of the beginning maintained by the manner and lines of Portia's entrance?

60. What is the outcome of the incident of the ring of Antonio's fortunes?

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